

# The TATLER

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London, May 21, 1930

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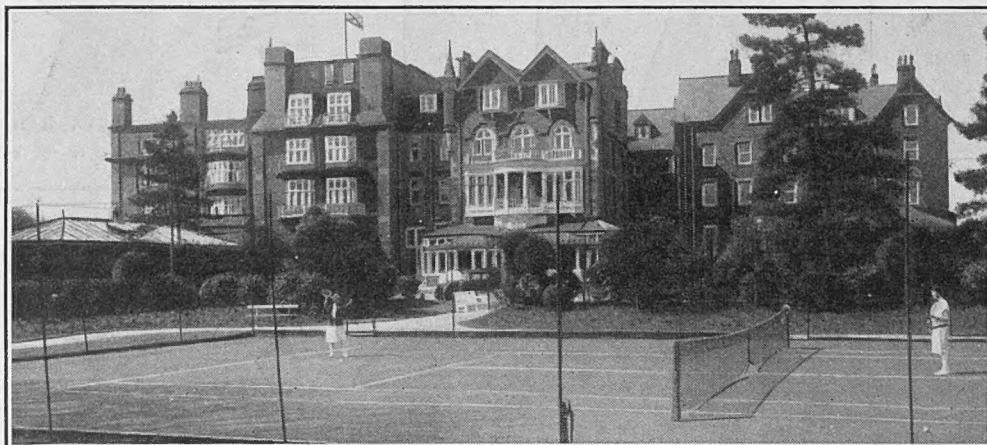
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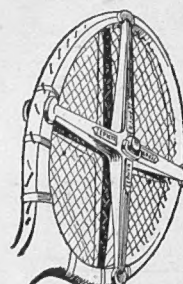
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# The TATTLER

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London, May 21, 1930

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Price One Shilling



## GOOD LUCK TO HER!

### MISS AMY JOHNSON—THE INTREPID YOUNG FLIER

All the world, whether of aviation or otherwise, has watched Miss Amy Johnson's progress in her plucky effort to beat Mr. Bert Hinkler's record of a fifteen-and-a-half days' flight from England to Australia. When Miss Johnson landed at Rangoon she was two days up on Mr. Hinkler, but there a minor disaster befell her machine, and she was delayed whilst the repairs were carried out. Win or lose Miss Johnson has already set up a great record. At the time this goes to press Miss Johnson has left Rangoon for Bangkok





ALL AT SEA: LADY MAUREEN STANLEY, CAPTAIN WILLIAM PROTHERO, AND THE EARL OF DERBY

A mid-Atlantic snapshot on the outward voyage aboard the "Aquitania," which Captain Prothero commands. Lady Maureen Stanley is Lord and Lady Londonderry's eldest daughter, and married the Hon. Oliver Stanley, Lord Derby's younger son, in 1920

## The Letters of Eve



LORD AND LADY IDDESLEIGH

After their wedding at Westminster Cathedral last week—May 14. The bride was Miss Elizabeth Lowndes and is the elder daughter of Mr. F. S. A. Lowndes and Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, the famous authoress. Lord Iddesleigh is twenty-nine and succeeded to the title in 1927

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W. 1.

**D**EAREST,—Except for a few minor distractions, last week was very essentially debutantes' week, as Wednesday and Thursday nights were entirely given up to the presentations of the first two batches, and there were dances for them on every night of the week. So sensible, really, to arrange a dance on a Court night, for it gives the girls who have been to Buckingham Palace another excitement to go on to when they are radiant and looking their best, instead of that unsatisfactory feeling of anticlimax which results from being taken straight home to bed. Wednesday was beautifully fine and warm, which was perhaps a doubtful blessing for once since it meant so many more gazers in the Mall, but one hears that some of the gazed at rather enjoy the attention.

\* \* \*

**L**ady Helen Cassel, who gave a dance for her daughter, Miss Hermione Cassel, and her niece, Miss Diana Hesketh Prichard, was the hostess on the night of the first Court. And it was at Brook House, which Lady Louis Mountbatten had lent her, and where all the prettiest girls,



MISS NORAH BLANEY AND MISS GWEN FARRAR WITH CHICHELEY COLIN AND CHLOE

A snapshot at the L.K.A. Show at Olympia last week where Miss Marjorie Farrar, Miss Gwen Farrar's sister, was exhibiting these two Schnauzers. Miss Gwen Farrar and Miss Norah Blaney have joined forces again to the general satisfaction, and are appearing in "The House That Jack Built," which is now at the Winter Garden Theatre

both debutantes and others, and the loveliest and smartest of the young married women collected before the night was over. Lady Louis, who is entertaining Doug while he is in London, is already being snowed under with applications for tickets for the midnight revue she is organizing. I don't quite know how many thousands have been collected already, but it doesn't come off till the second week in July. It must make some of the promoters of charity entertainments feel very envious.

\* \* \*

**H**owever I hear that Lady Carlisle's matinée, at the beginning of last week, for which so many small children posed in tableaux of famous pictures for the benefit of the Hospital for Mothers and Babies, realized £1,800. And Mrs. Henry Mond hopes to raise a really big sum for the National Orthopaedic Hospital at the Mansion House dinner she is arranging for June 12, which comes just



between Derby week and Ascot week. And if anybody can she can, for she is not only an exceedingly attractive person with a *flair* for clothes, but she has real brains and a personality which includes the power of working herself and making others work, to say nothing of getting them to do what she wants.

There have been parties, though, other than charity ones and those for the special benefit of debutantes. Lady Zetland's dinner and dance, for instance, at which Princess Mary was present. Only a few young people, such as Miss Margaret Mercer Nairne and Miss Diana Churchill, Lord William Scott and Lord Claud Hamilton were invited to the dinner-party, but plenty, including the Duchess of Norfolk's pretty second daughter, who is one of this season's buds, came in afterwards to dance. Then there was Lady Ribblesdale's rather surprising "murder mystery" party which made a good many other people, besides her twenty odd guests, raise their eyebrows with pained surprise and horror. And there was Mrs. Alec Tweedie's Moonlight party, to which dozens of people went, but at which the moon so unsatisfactorily failed to materialize.



AT CHESTER: LORD AND LADY PENRHYN

On Chester Cup day, when Lord Penrhyn had one running in the Stewards' Maiden Plate, as also had his relative, Mr. A. Douglas-Pennant, in the Dee Stand Seller, Cragford, who ran up to Lemin. Lord Penrhyn succeeded to the title in 1927 on the death of his father

more spending the season in the house in Grosvenor Street belonging to Captain and Mrs. Gerard Leigh, which she has always taken. One wonders what she has in store for her guests this year.



THE CHRISTENING OF CAPTAIN AND MRS. KELD FENWICK'S SON

A group taken after the ceremony which took place at The Manor, Brightlingsea, the Very Rev. Canon West officiating. Captain Keld Fenwick, who is a kinsman by marriage of the Duke of Manchester, was in the Blues. The names in the group, left to right, are: At back—Mrs. Richard Rowley, Mrs. Hugh Green, Captain R. L. Jolliffe, Captain Keld Fenwick, the Very Rev. Canon West; sitting—The Hon. Mrs. Maurice Lubbock, Miss Claudine Daren, Mrs. Keld Fenwick, and Master John David Fenwick and his nurse

George and Lady Leon, too, are in the throes of moving from their house in Clarges Street, which once belonged to the lovely Lady Hamilton, to a bigger one in Hill Street. Lady Leon is an attractive person, with wit and great vitality, and at every kind of athletic game she is one of the best all-rounders in the country.

And we can look forward to some good parties to come. For Mrs. Alfred Bosson, who has been in England most of this winter, with occasional visits to Paris and other parts of the Continent, is now settled for the season at 5, Carlton Gardens. And she is sure to entertain a lot, both musically and otherwise, for she, like the Austrian Minister, really loves doing it. And another hostess, with a special gift for lavish and spectacular parties, is Mrs. James Corrigan, who arrived in England a few days ago, and is now once

The re-housing movement has been specially noticeable in Berkeley Square, whose many changes of face and aspect have not yet ceased, and where the oval brass plate on the door of No. 45, bearing the now almost polished away name of the Earl of Powis, is one of the few remaining signs of its former state. For Lord Rosebery has opened up No. 38, which his father used so little during the last years of his life, and he and Lady Rosebery will be living there for the next two months at least. And Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mathias have now quite finished moving into the big house at the corner of Hill Street, which used to belong to Marjorie Lady Nunburnholme. The housewarming in fact will

(Cont. on p. 338)



MISS MARJORIE LEIGH AND THE HON. MILLICENT MARJORIBANKS

Also at Chester on Cup day. Miss Marjorie Leigh, who goes very well over Leicestershire, is a daughter of Sir John and Lady Leigh. The Hon. Millicent Marjoribanks is Lord and Lady Tweedmouth's younger daughter



## The Letters of Eve

—continued

take the shape of a dance for their two daughters, Diana and Peggy, who were presented last week. The elder girl, Diana, has a really lovely voice. It was discovered by Miss Olga Lynn, and she has been studying in Vienna for the greater part of the last year.

Miss Lynn has been specially interesting herself in the Wedgwood Ball, fixed at the Park Lane Hotel for to-morrow week, the 29th, for which Lady Blandford heads a very strong committee. It is in aid of the Village Settlements of Enham and Papworth, and Miss Lynn's skill and energy is being devoted to arranging the tableaux which are therefore certain to be well done. The tableaux are to consist of famous examples of Wedgwood ware, and also Flaxman's "Twelve Dancing Hours," "The Nine Muses," "Diana the Huntress," "The offering to Ceres," and "Hebe and the Eagle." This last will be done by Mrs. Henry Mond, while the Hours will be represented by the prettiest debutantes. Miss Valerie French, Lady Moira Combe, Mrs. Arthur James, Miss Diana Fellowes, Lady Ravensdale, and Mrs. Ronald Balfour are some of the many other beauties who will be posing.

Mrs. Balfour, formerly Miss Deirdre Hart-Davis, was one of the last brides to get married before May arrived with its usual lull in the way of weddings. Only a few engagements have been announced just lately, among them those of Miss Hermione Fisher-Rowe to Captain Ellison; of Lord Ossulston, who is marrying Miss Violet Pallin, and young Sir Charles Mappin who has celebrated his coming of age with his engagement to Miss Ruby Duff. Also there are rumours that Princess Juliana, the future Queen of Holland, may soon be officially engaged to Prince William von Erbach-Schönberg. Other more domestic news is concerned with the birth of a son and heir to Mr. and Mrs. David Tennant, and a daughter for Lord and Lady Cawdor. I hear the small daughter born to the lovely Countess Cosmo de Boscari, almost simultaneously with the £40,000 legacy from her uncle, Mr. Barclay Walker, is already showing signs of a certain liveliness and charm. Countess Boscari is now out and about, and will, no doubt, be going down soon to Coombe Green, the nice place on Kingston Hill which belongs to her brother Sir Ian Walker, and where he goes every summer during the polo season. He and his mother have been there for the last week or so.

The rest of last week's news included the expected appointment of Mr. John Masefield as the new Poet Laureate, and Miss Amy Johnson's really amazing feat in the way of record long-distance solo flying. However it seems a pity that the suggestion of giving her some such honour as the D.B.E. should have come from any source



AT EATON: MR. GLYN W. PHILPOT, R.A., AND MRS. REUBENS

Mr. Glyn Philpot has been the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Westminster just recently and is painting a full-length portrait of Her Grace. Mr. Glyn Philpot has a portrait of Lady Baron in this year's Academy as well as a scriptural subject picture

One ancestor was Boileau the writer, and a much earlier one was Governor of Paris in the twelfth century. He drew up the municipal code, most of which is in use at the present day. It seems a pity that there should be no direct heir, for Sir Maurice Boileau is unmarried, and his only brother, Colonel Raymond Boileau, has no children.



NOT AN IRON ON THE SILVER!

Peter Benson, the eleven-year-old son of Captain C. B. Benson on a very clever pony. This boy, who it will be observed is riding bare-back, has won over twenty-three prizes in seven shows. He was the best boy rider at Richmond Show in 1928 and 1929 and has entered for the big show at Olympia in June

other than the one which is able to confer it. A few people have left England, too, including Lord Ebury, who has taken his daughter, Miss Elizabeth Grosvenor, to Canada, where he intends to remain until July, and Lady Ruthven and the twins have gone off for a motor tour in France and Germany. And of the returned travellers there are Mr. and Mrs. Evan Morgan who have been in Florence and are now in South Street for the rest of the season, and Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley, who will be entertaining again in her lovely Westminster house after her visit to Italy.

Mrs. Raymond Boileau, too, has returned from a five-weeks' visit to Switzerland just in time for the publication of her new book, "The Arches of the Years," which is due on Friday next. Mrs. Boileau manages to find time for writing in the intervals of intensive hunting during the winter, intensive racing during the summer, and entertaining successions of house-parties at her Norfolk home. However, the book can hardly be described as either sporting or social. The Boileaus were the oldest family in Languedoc, where they lived in the Château of Castelnaud, and at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes the elder branch of the family came over to England and settled near Barnes, where they became lords of the manor. Hence Castelnaud, Barnes, and the Boileau Arms just outside the gates of Ranelagh. In Marlborough's time, the then Boileau raised a company of gentlemen-at-arms to fight for him.

The Duke and Duchess of Westminster, as usual, had a large house-party up at Eaton Hall for the Chester races. Amongst the many distinguished people present were Lord Lonsdale, Mr. and Mrs. Robin D'Erlanger, Lord and Lady Queensberry (the latter looking extremely pretty and wearing some very charming frocks), Lord and Lady Carnarvon, Major and Mrs. "Vandy" Beatty, Lady Delamere (one of the many keen lawn tennis players in the house-party), the Duke's two daughters, Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey and Lady Mary Grosvenor, Mr. "Tommy" Graves and Mr. Sydney Beer, Mr. Atty Persse and Mr. Percy Whitaker, and Mr. Harry Cotterill, Sir Claude and Lady de Crespigny, General Sir John Ponsonby, Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew, Miss Enid Raphael, pretty Miss Marjoribanks, Miss Marjorie Leigh, Mrs. Satterthwaite, Major Jack Rendall, and several more besides. The Duke and Duchess of Westminster have now left for Mimizan, their lovely estate near Bordeaux, where they will spend a week or so before going up to Scotland. All my love to you, dearest.—Yours ever, EVE.



## AMERICA v. ENGLAND

The Giants in Last Week's Golfing Internationals



CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS: MR. BOBBY JONES AND MR. ROGER WETHERED

With the Walker Cup contest at Sandwich coinciding with an Anglo-American final in the Ladies' Open Championship at Formby, a fresh page in International golfing history has been written. Mr. Bobby Jones, the captain of the American team, has often been described as the world's best golfer, and he certainly maintained his reputation by his overwhelming victory over Mr. Roger Wethered, the rival captain, in the Walker Cup Singles. The Prince of Wales, who has partnered the American captain more than once at Sunningdale, flew down to watch both foursomes and singles, while thousands of cars brought other onlookers. The result of the final at Formby was very heartening for England, for Miss Diana Fishwick proved herself more than a match for Miss Glenna Collett, three times champion of America. Congratulations to the new Open Champion



MISS DIANA FISHWICK AND MISS GLENNA COLLETT



A ROYAL AUDIENCE FOR THE WALKER CUP





MARION DAVIES

In the latest thing in draught-board overalls, which are said to be a very handy gardening rig! Marion Davies is another ex-Ziegfeld Folly who has become a big fixed film star. One of her biggest winners amongst many was "Quality Street"

was about one-fifth as hard as "The Broken Melody," but the dago who performed it received at the hands of the assembled fashionables applause which would have staggered Suggia and confounded Casals. In the front row was Myrtle (Miss Frances Doble), stolen thither from the side of her husband (Mr. Stewart Rome), and drinking in the 'cellist with moon-like orbs. The dago was a notorious philanderer. But Myrtle, steadfast in stupidity, allowed him to kiss her hand, after which she presented him to to her husband and asked him to lunch. The dago accepted, and the husband said that that would be very nice in tones which would have tipped the wink to the densest hippopotamus that ever failed to comprehend the equator. So Myrtle went home and before, after, and very nearly during dinner performed on the grandest of pianos those few simple notes which were the theme-material of *Dark Red Roses*. The husband then told Myrtle in terms which no wife ever mistakes that he did not approve of the dago. Whereat Myrtle called her husband a silly and asked him to make a cast of the dago's hands, adding that she considered them to be the living embodiment of all beauty. "Do you love this man?" asked the by now justly-incensed husband. Whereupon Myrtle drew something diaphanous around her and saying that she had no answer to that vulgar query swished upstairs to bed. Next day Myrtle received a box of dark red roses with a card upon which was the phrase, villainously printed, "To My Darling." The husband's eyes flashed fire. But the defiant Myrtle, with arms akimbo,

# The Cinema : By JAMES AGATE

## Two Films

What is this craze for imbecility which dogs the makers of films? When I visited the Marble Arch Pavilion the other day I found the piece preceding *The Green Goddess* (Mr. George Arliss excellent as usual) to consist of a film called *Dark Red Roses*. It ought, of course, to have been called *The Green Lady*, for never in the course of what is now a long theatre and film experience have I seen any human being who was quite so green. Myrtle—for I forget her name—was the loving wife of a sculptor to whom she had borne normal children. And then a 'cellist who looked like a Soho waiter came into her life, and at garden parties, fêtes, cabarets, and other nauseating gatherings performed a theme-number whose title you can guess. In technical difficulty this piece

proceeded to arrange the flowers—a poorish metaphor, anatomically speaking, but the reader will know what I mean, "You haven't forgotten about the cast of dear Ponchielli's hands?" she cooed. "Or have you?" The sculptor hadn't. So he took Ponky into his studio, encased his hands in plaster of-Paris, and proceeded to cut them off with the sword of a Japanese samurai. Actually he brought it down two inches from the finger-tips, after which he released Ponky and told him to go away and in the future behave like an English gentleman. Which, of course, is an entirely proper thing to say to a Czecho-Slovakian 'cellist, born in Cyprus, with a dash of Vermouth on the father's side. Going to the door of his wife's boudoir, the sculptor then heard his mother say, "I hope you liked my flowers, darling!" Whereupon he fell into an epilepsy of contrition, and the wife tossing her pretty head silently resolved to take tickets for the piano recital of that good-looking Hungarian-Pole, Olwisky. At least I think that that was what she must have been revolving in that grey matter of which a hen would have been justly ashamed. This film, which has been highly praised by all my colleagues, seems to me to be as witless as *Othello* would be if you took Iago out of it. However, it is very well acted by Mr. Rome and Miss Doble, and the children in it are so good that for once I forbore to look favourably upon infanticide.

I often wonder how many famous novelists there are of whom I have never heard. Every Sunday I find in my favourite newspaper some such article as "Are Children Useless?" by Miss A.B.C., "the famous novelist," or "Should Women Marry?" by Mr. X.Y.Z., also "the famous novelist." The film at the reopened Avenue Pavilion is called *Lummox*, and is "taken from the famous novel by Fannie Hurst." Somehow or other it makes me feel dreadfully small when I make acquaintance for the first time with anybody who, in the general knowledge, has been magnoperating famously. It is like never having heard of Einstein or Miss Stitch. Where can my eye have been roving on those occasions when, precedent to railway-journeys, it takes unreadable stock of the station-bookstall, and ultimately chooses a weather-beaten copy of something that Mr. Arnold Bennett wrote thirty-five years ago? My typist interrupts me at this moment to inform me that in city-tubes every other handbag contains a copy of *Appassionata*. This may be so; I am not in the secrets of the midinette. It may be that *Lummox*, which is the life-history of a servant-girl, is a master-piece of the first order. The subject is propitious, since there have been other master-pieces written on this theme, and the film bears a striking resemblance to the French one, the Goncourts' *Germinie Lacerteux*. The film is extraordinarily moving and beautifully acted by a brilliant cast containing, thank Heaven, nobody I have ever heard of! Miss Winifred Westover, who plays Bertha Oberg, the Swedish drudge, is a first-class artist, and indeed so good that I do not expect ever to see her again. No word of preliminary literature concerning her has reached me, and who altered the shape of her nose and why, what the brands of her motor-car and bath-salts, her choice of perfumes for afternoon and evening wear, the names of her pet wrinkle-eradicator or crow's-foot obliterators, and what she thinks of Shelley as a master-prosodist, are matters as to which I have not been informed. I am content to know and to say that she is a magnificent actress in this part, and may be one in others. The programme also contained a photographed review which showed that the management of this charming and intelligent picture theatre can do a bad thing just as well as the people who cannot do a good one. There was also a Mickey Mouse cartoon which demonstrated the proper treatment to be meted out to-day to Rachmaninoff's awful "Prelude" and Liszt's abominable "Second Rhapsody." I shall never forget how the piano reeled under the first and collapsed under the second, recovering sufficiently to come on by itself and make an unaided bow, after which the ivories detached themselves, doubled themselves up, and snapped defiance at the audience in imitation of that dental masterpiece which nightly reposes in a tumbler of cold water, solaced by a teaspoonful of Milton. No, I do not get anything for this! Or do I? Nothing beneath a keg will be accepted.

A list of films now running in London will be found on p. xl



# AT COURT

# LAST WEEK



THE VICE-CHAMBERLAIN LEAVING DOWNING ST.

Mr. Jack Hayes, M.P., who in his official capacity of Vice-Chamberlain of the Household was in attendance on Their Majesties at last week's Courts, had a charming chauffeur to drive him to Buckingham Palace, namely, Miss Nasmith, the racing motorist. Lady Cadogan, in a lovely



Hay Wrightson  
COUNTESS CADOGAN  
AND LADY BEATRIX  
CADOGAN



Marian Lewis  
VICE-ADMIRAL TAYLOR  
AND MISS JANE TAYLOR



MISS KATHLEEN  
BLUNDELL



MISS MARJORIE CLEMENTS



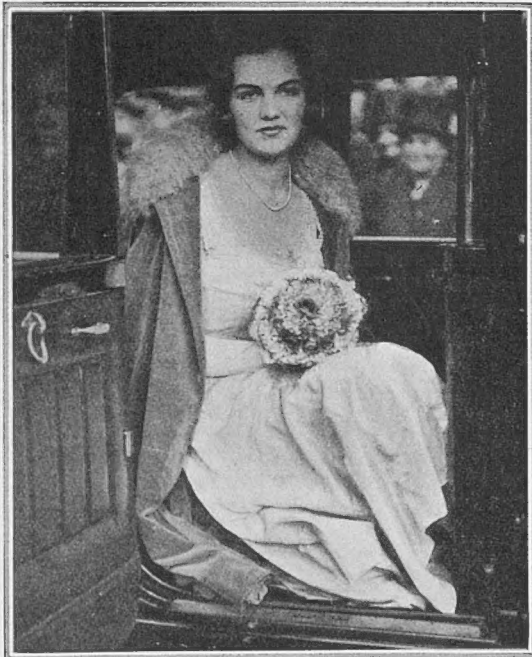
Hay Wrightson  
MISS ELEANORE  
EDWARDS

frock of aquamarine: satin, presented her elder daughter, Lady Beatrix Cadogan, and another engaging debutante was Miss Jane Taylor. Her father, Vice-Admiral Ernest Taylor, commanded the battle-cruiser "Renown" when it conveyed the Prince of Wales to Canada and Australia



MISS GUNDRED CUNLIFFE

One of the many smiling young ladies who faced crowds and cameras with equanimity in the Mall. Miss Marjorie Clements (see centre circle) was presented by the Hon. Mrs. Matthew Bell, while Mrs. Dawes, the



THE HON. ANGELA GREENWOOD



MISS JOAN WEBBER

wife of the American Ambassador, presented her compatriot Miss Edwards, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Edwards of Cincinnati. The Hon. Angela Greenwood is Lord and Lady Greenwood's debutante daughter



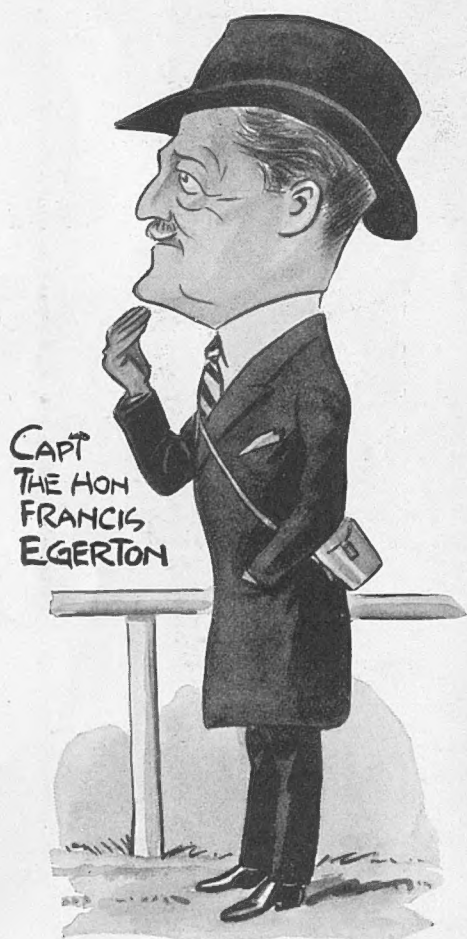
# RACING RAGOUT: "GUARDRAIL" By

FROM Diolite's spreadeagling performance in the Guineas, perhaps the easiest win in this race since the war, one cannot expect anything that finished behind him to beat him at Epsom. The only danger to him would seem to be Rustom Pasha, whose easy beating of Paradine in a very falsely-run race at Epsom makes him out on the book to be the better. If he is better than Blenheim at home, and Beary chooses to ride him, Rustom Pasha each way seems to be the best bet in the race. When you've said Diolite has quality and action you've said all you can, and of the remainder of the field hardly as much can be said, Pal o' Mine being quite the best-looking individual. In the One Thousand Fair Isle won by sheer pluck and a brilliantly ridden race on the part of Weston, but Torchere should have won the race, and Sister Clover and Rose of England, who was racing all by herself on the worst side of the course, will all beat her next time they meet. The last three fillies stood out for appearance, and for the Oaks I like Torchere and Rose of England. The May Stakes produced a nice turn-up for the books, which was thought to be a walk-over for Mrs. Beer's Twelfth Night, but he faded out incomprehensibly and the race was won very easily by Lady Helen McCalmont's Fourfold, thus breaking the ice for Stockbridge. It must seem a very long time since Diomedes used to come home alone and retrieve the stickiest of weeks.

Golden Thoughts, who made a winning debut at the meeting, is probably a useful two-year-old, but Atbara would probably have won this race had she not suddenly refused to go anywhere near the gate. The bookmakers, we are glad to say, have been moved into a rather more accessible position, but the weather on the whole was cold and cheerless, winners difficult to find, and the man who invented the far-fetched and fatuous yarn

about burying the top-coat wants pole-axing. Hurst Park was almost unapproachable on the Saturday, partly due to the crowd of cars going to Brooklands as well as racing, and many people took nearly two hours to get to the course. Major Tommy Bouch, the owner of Puella, the winner of the first race, was one of these. Apparently, however, he profited by it, for not arriving in time to find if it had been backed for him he rebucked it himself and had a good race. The filly won easily, the judge's verdict being two lengths, and even the owner himself breaking down the habits of a lifetime, did not disagree.

Ecilath won the big race over this easy seven furlongs, but it is rather farther than he gets in good company on a stiff course, and the Stewards' Cup, or possibly the Wokingham, looks like his journey. The running of the Ghost Train is too bad to be true,



CAPTAIN THE HON. FRANCIS EGERTON

Waiting for the Tote prices to go up! The Hon. Francis Egerton is a brother of the Earl of Ellesmere, who had a sad disappointment last year with that brilliant filly, Tiffin. Lord Ellesmere has Quinine in the Oaks



WHO IS IT?

and a straight galloping course would perhaps suit him better. The invention of the Tote with place-betting only must come in very handy for Mr. Tom Walls, who can never just quite get there with that good and consistent horse Caballero, who never seems to run anywhere but second.

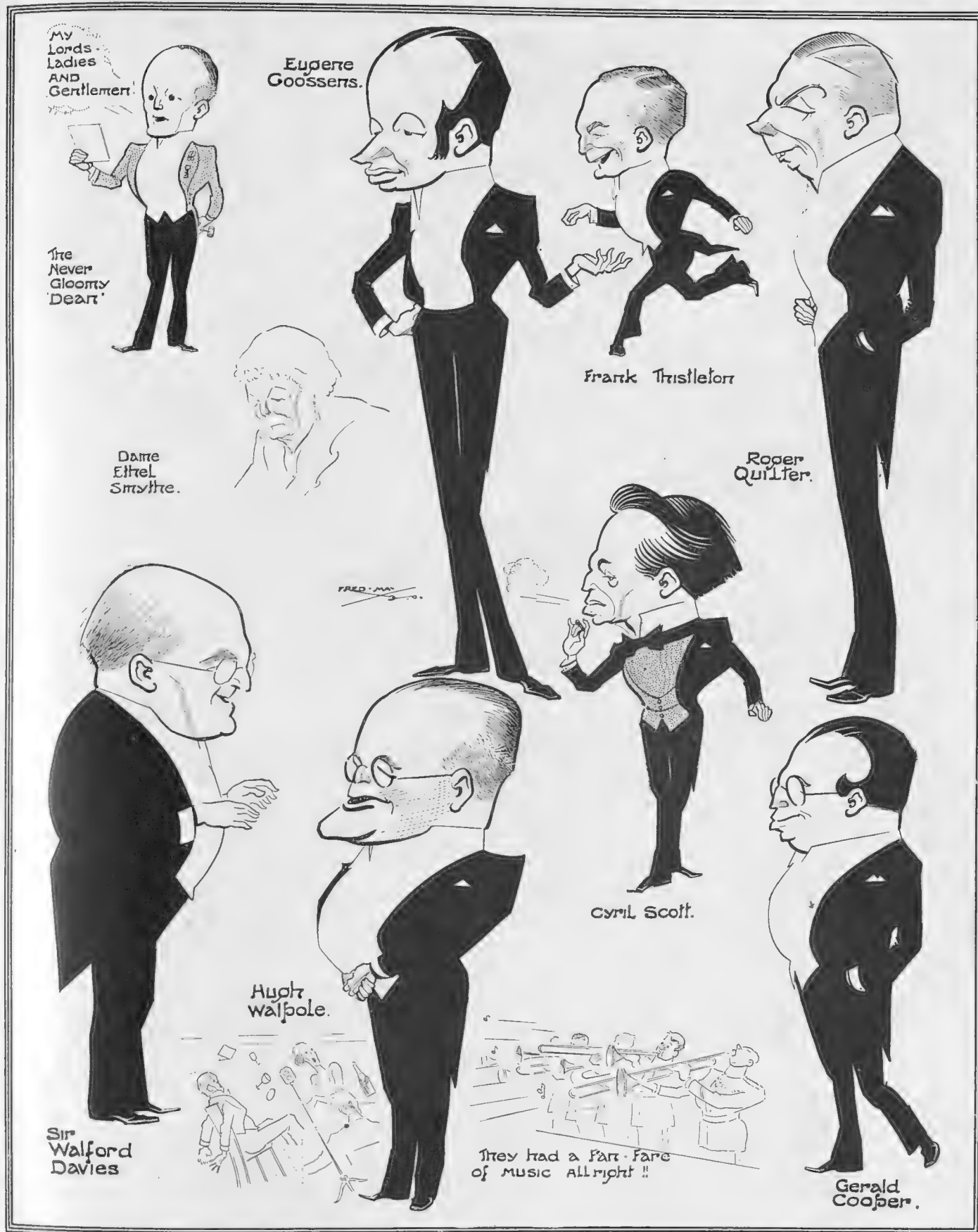
Lewes can be the most delightful of meetings on a fine day, but Monday was no day for such an exposed spot, and most of the time it rained stair-roads. Even on the finest of days, however, the price of £2 4s. 6d. for one day's racing in the members' enclosure seems excessive when so many of the horses running could be bought for less. The mile-and-a-half "bumpers" race on the first day was a godsend to the photographers, with Prince Ali Khan and Lord Carnarvon both riding. The former was having his first ride in public and his horse only appeared to get half the trip.

The latter, on Stanley Wootton's Sobrino was only beaten a length and appeared to have enjoyed himself, but we think his owner should fit him out with a set of colours less reminiscent, in shape, of a blouse. He had the satisfaction of riding Wearing a Crown, a good winner, on the second day, I believe his first winner on the flat and probably the prelude to many more before he takes up riding between the flags, as it is rumoured he will do next season.

The first day of Chester was cold and unpleasant, the going pretty deep and holding, and the class of horse running very moderate with the exception of Pinxit, who is a very nice stamp of three-year-old. This meeting, however, has an extraordinary popularity, and is a great opportunity for hospitality in the neighbouring big houses in this wealthy county. Eaton, Dodington, Sir Delves Broughton's place, and Knowsley all have large parties, and it was at the first-named that Old Kate often "stopped private" for this meeting, being sent over in a Rolls to sell her cards and fetched back in the evening. The report of the Betting Control Board makes interesting reading, but it will be infinitely more so when the total expenditure and not the expenditure up to December 31, 1929, can be shown. Last year's working was not a fair test, and can be in some ways excused, but it hardly seems to justify the self back-patting indulged in.



# THE MUSICIANS' BENEVOLENT DINNER FUND



## SOME OF THE TOP NOTES—BY FRED MAY

The Musicians' Benevolent Fund Annual Dinner was held in the big ballroom at the Savoy Hotel, and there was a very full orchestra in attendance representing every known instrument. The fund was founded in memory of the late Gervase Elwes, the famous singer, and at this year's dinner the chair was taken by Mr. Hugh Walpole, the great novelist, whose "recreations" according to a well-known publication, are "walking and talking." Mr. Walpole had no walking to do on this occasion, but he made a most excellent speech, as also did Mr. Eugene Goossens, the composer and operatic conductor, and attention was drawn to how hard-hit musicians had been by the talkies with their canned music which gets on so many people's nerves. It is satisfactory to note that a sum of over £1,000 was collected during the evening





THE VERY REV. DEAN INGE

Outside the Academy on Private View day. Dean Inge, as all the world knows, is a most industrious and valued contributor to London's evening press

promising a foundation of future happiness—perhaps firmer—as if they had talked and talked and talked in the belief that mere talk ever revealed the reality of one human being to another. You've got to live with someone to find out; and all the psycho-analysis of the love situation will avail you absolutely nothing. The moment you bring the intellect to love you're lost; that is if you believe that the intellect is going to tell you everything. I have just been reading a book called ". . . Another for the Woman" (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.), in which a young woman and a young man tried at tremendous length to mix passion and the mind into one perfect cocktail—only, of course, to make each other perfectly ill. The book is a series of letters, supposed to be real letters (which I very much doubt, because the style of both the woman's and the man's is so glaringly identical), both the writers being dead. They must, however, have died extremely young, because only a few years ago, when these letters were supposed to have been exchanged, they were in their early twenties! And what letters! The woman must have covered pages. The man's, happily, are short, but their brevity only spurs the lady on to greater effort. It was a sudden love affair. They met at a dance. He took her home in a taxi. She wanted him to kiss her, but he didn't. He wanted to kiss her, but for some obscure reason he didn't think it was fair. He didn't realize that to the modern girl all is fair in a taxi. However when he left her she sat down and wrote him her first love letter. She poured out her soul on paper. She got rid of all her repressions. She blamed him for not kissing her. She told him about the needs of her soul, about the needs of her body. She wanted him to know that she started honestly, honestly, honestly. There were to be no secrets between them. And in pretending that she would never send him the letter she posted it. He answered. They met. He went to Paris on business. He met there another girl and passed several nights

## Talkie Love.

**I** LIVE down a local Lover's Lane. It is not very exciting as a lane, and the lovers are extremely dull. But as they must walk somewhere they walk down my lane. Considering, however, that love is popularly supposed to make the world go round, these lovers appear surprisingly static. A mutual silence seems to be the greatest bond between them. The lady is usually perfectly contented if she can clutch her lover's arm; the young man, dressed up as it were in his best clothes for love's sacrifice, seems to have a mind divided between pride and wishing he were once again back among his pals, with whom at any rate there is a certain liveliness. Presumably this muted intimacy continues until such a time as they are married. Well, I am fully convinced that they start married life on just as



Yevonde

## MR. RICHARD ALDINGTON

The author of "Death of a Hero," the English war novel which bids fair to outstrip the German one, "All Quiet on the Western Front." It has already been translated into French, German, Swedish, Spanish, and Russian. Mr. Aldington, who lives in Paris, has also recently had published a long narrative poem, "A Dream in the Luxembourg"

## By RICHARD KING

in her company. He told his fiancée all about it. She was naturally distressed, but modern love understands these things. She forgave him. She made allowances, and when he returned to England it might well have been that he had slept with no one but herself. Then he told her more of his past life. In her desire to be honest and above-board, and to prove that in these days men and women are equals, she told him certain incidents in her own life. She thought he would understand and forgive her as she had forgiven the Paris episode. But he didn't. There is one law for the man and another for the woman he told her, because the effect of breaking the conventional laws has a much greater psychological result on a woman than it has on a man. She is never the same woman again. In parenthesis, it is not presumed that the experience might have improved her. No man of course believes that, unless he himself has been the experience. So at last these two lovers telegraph to each other "Good-bye." Maybe it was as well. The girl was certainly rid of a self-satisfied prig. Maybe he, too, was lucky, for, if the girl had talked in any way as she wrote, breakfast until life did them part would have been indeed sheer hell! She analysed herself, she argued, and she grovelled. One small sentence in the man's letter in which she sensed a disturbing meaning was seized upon and worried for pages. There

is no doubt of course that certain modern girls are so yearning for mental companionship that instead of fascinating a man first, they seize upon him, and as it were empty their soul forthwith on to his head and without more ado. They never seem to realize that although it is very noble to put all your cards face upwards on the table, it is not nearly so exciting as when they are face downwards. Who knows? they might be all aces! And that's the kind of excitement love likes. The much ridiculed Victorian women knew that. And, say what you will, love is by nature extremely Victorian; full of reticences, half-veiled. It always finds it difficult to survive in that state of nakedness which is so determined not to be in the least bit ashamed.

There is not the slightest thrill in the love of a male or female who, without so much as a pardon-me, strips both her mind and her body, throws her garments in the air, and cries, "There! That's ME!"

The inclination is to take one look and immediately remember a business appointment. The Victorians knew the value of illusion; though I don't think they knew they knew it. Happier people are like that.

## A Biography of Queen Mary.

The most disappointing thing about Charlotte Cavendish's new

(Continued on p. 346)



MR. P. G. WODEHOUSE AND HIS DAUGHTER ARRIVE IN AMERICA

The vigilant American snapshotter caught the famous novelist and playwright before he had time to get off the "Majestic" and extracted the information that he was "off to Hollywood to write for the flicks"



# THE FAST LADY

By George Belcher



Indignant Lady (caught in a police trap): This is perfectly ridiculous, constable; why a little further back I was doing *much* more



## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

biography of "Her Majesty Queen Mary" (Marriott. 10s. 6d.) is the subtle impression you have while reading it that the writer has never spoken to Her Majesty once, nor—such is the impression—talked with anyone who knew her even distantly. So her book becomes little more than readable "journalese." A few anecdotes culled from sources where the Queen has been, a superficial delving into the recorded gossip of her childhood, her early home life, her youthful environment; an occasional bit of information such as anybody connected with the Royal household could give concerning unimportant details of the Royal family's personal life; the kind of thing which you can read anywhere among the odd paragraphs dealing with "The Queen as Mother," "The Queen as Hostess"—such-like aspects. Not so much a biography as an accumulation of readable but unilluminating gossip. The best part of it lies in the picture it gives of Her Majesty's magnificent sense of duty, her really intelligent interest in everything which has to do with poverty, women's work, hospitals, slums, and the care of children. Briefly, that supreme sense of her responsibility which has made her undoubtedly one of the most revered figures in the land. Alas, however, that only a two-dimension

figure emerges from the 250 pages of Mrs. Cavendish's book. Still, as I wrote above, it is all quite readable, and not too what I will call "grovelling" to be absurd. Perhaps the most psychologically illuminating anecdote recorded concerns Her Majesty's visit to a social organization in the East End of London: "The Queen duly arrived and was escorted over the building. Model flats for the poverty-stricken tenants, rooms for the secretarial staff, rest rooms for the lady organizers, and yet more rest-rooms expensively furnished for the lady organizers. In these last the Queen paused, looked hard round the room, and then, walking to the window, stared out at a most unlovely vista of slum dwellings. 'Do these belong to the charity?' she inquired. 'Yes, Your Majesty,' came the reply, 'but at present we have not sufficient funds to alter them.' 'I should like to see over them,' announced the Queen. This bombshell was received with great protestations. It was impossible for the Queen to visit such hovels; it was not fitting; it was beneath her dignity. 'It will never be beneath my dignity to visit the homes in which my subjects live,' said Queen Mary. The result was she was shown over these slum-dwellings. Whereupon, after the inspection, Her Majesty said, 'These houses are a disgrace to the country and an outrage on those poor souls who live in them. You tell me you have no money to spend on improvements, yet your rest-rooms have cost more than the sum needed for those tenements. I shall pay another visit here soon. If nothing has been done in the matter I shall withdraw my name from your list of patrons.' The houses were rebuilt within two months." It is, indeed, the Queen's practical side which is revealed clearest in this book. That side which is the admiration of every working man and woman, and the discomfiture of most mere figureheads. But I like also to think of the last time I saw Her Majesty myself, when she was sitting in a box watching a ridiculously

absurd music-hall act, the tears streaming down her face with laughter. This side of Her Majesty's nature is omitted in her latest biography. The result is rather a terrifyingly serious figure; capable, loyal, devoted, unselfish, keenly intelligent; all those qualities which everyone knows Her Majesty—thank heavens, for the nation—to possess; but otherwise just a little too above and aloof to be human. Yet that is the worst of what I will call an all-roseate journalese. It possesses not so much the necessary "shadow" as the necessary "other side," to make completely human and satisfying picture.

## An Unusually Good First Novel.

Miss Barbara Noble, who has just published her first novel, "The Years that Take the Best Away" (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), is, I believe, a girl of only twenty-one. I knew she was very young, however, because her story is so full of introspection that at moments its atmosphere becomes almost boring with analysis. Older people realize that life is as much action as thought—indeed, has to be if we would get anywhere at all. Which was perhaps the reason why Jennifer, the really interesting heroine, never managed to arrive, although she was always

setting forth hopefully. For half the book she is a child—one of those almost morbidly sensitive children who create their bitterest suffering as well as their deepest joy. Outsiders being mostly unaware of one or the other. The story, apart from this acute character-study of Jennifer, is the picture of one family. We get to know them all extremely well, almost too well so far as the little boy, James, is concerned. His efforts to create a sensation around himself, which at last ended in him



Gentleman in Charge of Score-board (as last man goes in): Just pack those numbers away, boy—all except the "0"!

committing suicide, become more than a little tedious because as a rule they seem to be quite outside the main thread of the story. Apart from Jennifer the most interesting character is Aunt Sydney, the woman who loved a German during those war years when even to shake hands with one was considered as favouring the enemy (so silly most of us were then), and who, when he died from privation in an internment camp, hoped desperately to be put into communion with him through a certain gift of mediumship which she believed poor little Jennifer to possess. The story, which might have been curtailed to its advantage, is nevertheless a most interesting one. So good, in fact, that it seems almost invidious to speak of the writer's "promise" who by this first effort has achieved so much.

Thoughts from "The Years that Take the Best Away."

"People who are completely wrapped up in themselves don't bother about what sort of effect they're making—at least, not much."

"We all of us pose a certain amount—but don't ever let go of any one thing inside you which is fundamentally 'real.'"

"In love it is often so much more reassuring to blame oneself for the defections of one's dearest."

We wish to draw our readers' attention to an appeal on behalf of "The Friends of the Poor" on p. xxxii of this issue



# WHO WAS WHO AT CHESTER RACES

## Society on the Roodeye



THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER  
AND CAPTAIN PERCY WHITTAKER



MR. JENKINSON, LADY BEATRICE POLE-CAREW,  
AND (right) LADY DELAMERE



LADY WINIFRED CECIL  
AND LADY MARY DOYNE



COUNTESS PAUL MUNSTER AND  
MRS. ROBIN D'ERLANGER



LADY LINLITHGOW AND MAJOR KERR



MR. FILMER-SANKEY AND LADY  
URSULA FILMER-SANKEY

Last week's important racing fixture, the three-day meeting at Chester, started in warm but sunless weather, with the going not unduly soft and a first-rate attendance of visitors. The opening day was a gratifying one for Sir Charles Hyde, for Pinxit won the Chester Vase with as much ease as Grease Paint, another son of Gainsborough, carried off the Belgrave Stakes. Among the many notabilities to be seen on the Roodeye was a large contingent brought by the Duchess of Westminster from Eaton. Lady Delamere has been more often out of England than in it since her second marriage, as she and Lord Delamere have a home from home in Kenya. Lady Winifred Cecil is Lord and Lady Exeter's elder daughter and Lady Mary Doyne is a half-sister of the late Earl of Harewood. Count Paul Munster's tall and attractive wife was Miss Peggy Ward before her marriage, which took place quietly in London last December. It will be remembered that the date caught her friends napping, for the wedding had previously been postponed owing to Count Paul's sudden illness and was not expected to take place so soon.



# POLO NOTES

By  
"SERREFILE."

**R**AIN has already interfered seriously with the progress of events where the International Team is concerned, and wiped out the third Trial match which was to have been played at Ranelagh on Saturday, the 10th. At the moment of writing there is no intimation as to whether this match is to be reinstated. I think this is doubtful, and therefore, W.P., the third Trial will be played at Roehampton on May 17. This is written before that happening.

**B**ut will W.P.? And what are we going to do supposing it doesn't, or supposing this fickle climate of ours blots out one or two more dates? It is dangerous to believe that this is not quite possible. Under ordinary circumstances a wet summer would not matter so much; it would be a nuisance and it would spoil a lot of the fun we all enjoy so much at the various London polo clubs; but this year it is of very vital importance because we have got to pick and train a polo team to go out to America and bring back that cup. With the risk confronting us of not getting grounds in London upon which fast polo can be played—and that is the only kind of any use to an International team—there are only two alternatives open: (a) to ship the provisional team, its reserves and ponies, off to America at once and let it finish its preparation there; or (b) to cut out London entirely and send the team, etc., back to the Beaufort Hunt Polo Club and finish it off there. At the B.H.P.C. they have got grounds enough and to spare to give the International team a new one upon which to play each day of the week, and as these grounds are not on clay, but on well-drained light soil, they are never likely to take as much harm as any London ground which can be named. Desperate diseases require desperate remedies, and I take leave to think that in this case we have got to do something pretty drastic in view of the fact that more than half May is gone and we have less than a fortnight in this month, the whole of June (let us hope), and about a week in July, for the ponies have got to leave by the third week in that month at the latest. We play America on September 6.

**I** am entirely with Mr. Sheepshanks, who supplies the polo needs of a daily contemporary, that the International team's preparation should take precedence of everything else. I would even go one better and say that people who have been selected as members of the International "camp" should be kept there and played, not in other teams but in two, A and B International teams. Let these A and B teams go for any tournaments by all means, for the more battle practice they get the better, but let them remain A and B International teams, and not dissolve themselves into "Hurricanes," "Hornets," "Bumble Bees," or anything else. Of course it is vital that we should get a team and its reserves settled as soon as possible, because the sooner

each man is served out with his pony ration and given a chance to get on with the business of "fitting," the better. The difficulties, as I recognize, are very great, and this rain is going to make things harder if it carries on.

**T**here is another thing of the constructive order in the way of comment: would it not be fairer to people who are on trial for their International "colours" if in any of these trials everybody went all out? In the first trial game at Norton (B.H.P.C.) Captain Roark was not all out. He had no need to be, of course, in such a game as that was, but in the second one, which I did not see personally, things were rather different. Someone who takes a very keen interest in our International team's preparation writes me:

I saw the trial on Thursday (i.e. May 1). It was entirely ruined to my mind by Pat Roark, after the first two periods, hardly going a yard. In consequence the ball was never hit up to Geoff (Major Phipps-Hornby), who played extremely well in the first two periods.

Tremayne also had to play 2 and 3. I suppose Roark knows he's a certainty and so does not bother to exert himself, but it is hard luck on the rest of the team. Guinness was very good indeed, and to my mind should certainly be the back. Although he makes mistakes from over-eagerness and inexperience, his steadiness and brilliant hitting make up for it. He plays the sort of Milburn game and needs a very good and steady "three" to back him up and drop in as back when he goes through, as he does quite often. Balding was the outstanding player I thought, and I don't see how he can be kept out of the team. Aidan Roark was fair, but not so good a back as Guinness. He may do better at No. 1. The ponies seem all



MR. W. BALDING

An impression of the father of the famous polo-playing and steeplechasing family, two of whom, Mr. Gerald Balding and Mr. Cecil Balding, greatly distinguished themselves in America last autumn, and the former of whom may be selected for England this year

right and held their own well with Laddie Sanford's stars, but they must have more of them, and I hear will buy some of the Australians' bigger ones if they can get them.

My friend is not apparently very easy in his mind so far. I think anyone who has seen anything of these matches will agree in the main with what he says. It is all of the constructive nature, otherwise I should not have published it, for I consider that anyone whose job it may be to record any happenings of this preparatory period is in honour bound to back up things and not try to destroy. Carping is an easy game; the other kind of thing not so easy, and we have had enough of the former in the past, goodness knows. Every patriotic polo player is naturally very keen that we should put up a good show, and personally I believe that a very strong "camp" has been mobilized and that we have some most excellent material. The big trouble is time and the weather, and knowing how polo seasons in the past have been wrecked, this most unfavourable start which spring has made not unnaturally makes some of us a bit jumpy, for so far nothing has been done which enables Captain Tremayne to come to any definite decision. He has two Number Ones from whom to make a choice, Major Phipps-Hornby and Captain R. George, and two backs, Major E. G. Atkinson and Mr. H. P. Guinness.

(Continued on p. xvi)





## LA ROBE DE STYLE

*From the picture by Henri Montassier.*

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# IN LONDON FOR THE SEASON

A Quartette of Pretty Girls



THE HON. VANDA VIVIAN

*Yevonde*

The engaging eighteen-year-old daughter of Lord and Lady Vivian. Early this month Miss Vivian came up from Glynn with her parents to 94, Eaton Place, to embark on her first London Season, and last week was presented to Their Majesties by her mother at the Second Court

Miss Baba Beaton, with her elder sister, Nancy, features at the majority of London's gayest parties. She is also constantly in request as a sitter to her brother's camera, a rôle which calls for patience, but luckily she possesses plenty of it. This is one of his latest portraits of her



MISS BABA BEATON

*Cecil Peaton*



MISS ROSEMARY HOPE-VERE AND THE HON. NANCY FREEMAN-MITFORD

*Peter North*

Miss Rosemary Hope-Vere and Lord and Lady Redesdale's eldest daughter followed the fashion of the moment in being photographed together. Miss Hope-Vere, who is on the left of the picture, lives at North Berwick, but drops down on London when Seasons and such-like are afoot

# THE PASSING SHOWS

"The Silent Witness," at the Comedy Theatre



## A HYOID BONE OPERATION

Mr. Robert Harris, the hero—or otherwise—believing that he has murdered the lady of easy virtue, Miss Marjery Binner, is only saved by the gentleman on the right, a burglar (Mr. Daniel Roe), who comes forward in the nick of time to save the young man's neck

THAT well-worn label "good theatre" attaches itself to every trial scene just as firmly as tradition rules that every play which contains a witness-box is proof against failure. A good murder trial is so bracing. "These hands might be yours," says the familiar advertisement for a School of Motoring. "This man might be *you*," says the author, putting his victim in the dock, and tricking out his puppets in wig and gown.

The trial scene in *The Silent Witness*, by Messrs. Jack de Leon and Jack Celestin, gets curiousest and couriousest. So much so that "good theatre" as a label seems to have a reverse side containing an Oath for Authors which reads something like this: "I swear that the facts which I shall give in this play shall be neither the truth, the whole truth, nor anything like the truth, so help me Royalties."

Proceedings in the Central Criminal Court, as staged at the Comedy, suggest that the Law is lamentably prosaic. Speaking as a layman with only the foggiest notions of the rules of evidence, it came as a surprise to hear the K.C. for the Crown (Mr. Victor Lewisohn) brow-beating both the prisoner and witnesses for the defence with a ferocity belied by the general conduct of a murder trial. But that was a detail. So perhaps was a remark made by his Lordship (Mr. Walter Schofield) to the jury, whereby he stressed a minor and, it seemed to me, monstrous coincidence to the prisoner's disadvantage. The main legal curiosity lay in the fact that the most salient and vital piece of evidence for the prosecution—the production of the theatre tickets on which the prisoner mainly relied for his alibi—did not figure in the case for the Crown. It was sprung on the defence like a bombshell during cross-examination!

But as a member of the jury, I must acquit myself of pedantry, and in common fairness let the authors off with a caution mingled with a word of congratulation.



MR. H. ST. BARBE-WEST AND MR. WALLACE GEOFFREY

A very interesting duel at Scotland Yard between the Inspector in charge of the case and the husband of the murdered girl. Fiat justitia!

That good theatre in this case is more important than bad law seems to be a fair verdict. Nevertheless the feeling lingers that the demands of both melodrama and jurisprudence might have been more closely reconciled without seriously affecting the cumulative interest. But I may be wrong.

Otherwise the only criticisms which the most hypercritical can level against this soundly constructed piece of mechanism can be summed up by saying that the dialogue is straightforward without being anything out of the ordinary, and that the characterization on the whole is inclined to be colourless. Mr. Malcolm Keen, for instance, as Anthony Howard, the father, who finds himself, by a combination of awkward circumstances, being tried for his life for a murder which he never committed, hardly gets a chance to be anything more than the prisoner in the dock. We know nothing personal about this respectable citizen of Hendon Lane, Finchley, except that he has been happily married for twenty-five years. Miss Marie Löhr's charm and artistry would have made Mrs. Howard a lovable and absorbing figure had the authors felt inclined to give the part full value. As it was Miss Löhr was seldom seen and less heard. A pity, in view of the domestic complications involved.

On the other hand, if the Howards were to be given ample scope to elaborate their devotion and dilemma, the story would unfold itself with a degree of leisure incompatible with a murder scene, a murder trial, and a surprise ending. The latter is important. Most murder scenes terminate with an air of bathos. The last Act must be unusually strong to go one better than the trial. That is where *The Silent Witness*

scores. Act III not only carries the story a definite stage further but gives it a twist and a climax that are as neat as they are unexpected. Judged by the ordinary standards of court-scene melodrama, this achievement is distinctly something to write home about.

Turning to the other end of the scale, the student





MR. MALCOLM KEEN

As the self-sacrificing father who tries to shelter his son and by his hopeless prevarications very nearly puts the rope round his own neck



MR. H. SAXON SNELL

As the theatre attendant under cross-examination

making," as Mr. Evelyn Waugh has it, would have been a more appropriate epithet. This part, one felt, needed less preliminary refinement and a more emphatic timbre of the gutter for the moment of revelation.

Anthony behaved very much like Mr. Frank Lawton did in Mr. John Van Druten's *Diversion*. Goaded to fury by Doreen's taunt that he hadn't the guts to kill her, the distraught young man seized her smartly by the throat and squeezed

of construction can find little to sniff at over the opening scene. The cautious flashing of a bull's-eye lantern (or to be more accurate and up-to-date, an electric torch) from behind the curtains of a darkened room is about as good a prelude to adventure as any. A burglar is interrupted by the telephone while a-burgling the Bloomsbury flat of a shingled young siren in highly colourful pyjamas. This is Doreen Smith (Miss Marjery Binner) the mistress of young Anthony Howard (Mr. Robert Harris) and the wife, though Anthony doesn't know it, of one Talbot Fallowes (Mr. Wallace Geoffrey), embezzler, bigamist, and — but I must be careful not to give away the author's secrets. All I permit myself to say about this cool and specious villain is that Mr. Wallace Geoffrey's performance is as telling, intelligent, and authentic a study in baffled crime and broken bluff as any I can remember. Mr. Geoffrey's changes of expression from easy bravado to snarling fear are more eloquent than a dozen pages of dialogue.

Miss Binner, I thought, for a lady who had done time and was supporting Husband Box in the flat thoughtfully provided by Lover Cox, was far too ladylike and charming. It came as a distinct shock to learn that she was married, a gold-digger, and a gaol-bird. Even when she rounded on poor Anthony and told him that to be mauled about by a spineless young puppy like him fairly made her sick, one felt that "sick-

so hard that she subsided on the floor in a state of coma. Leaving her for dead (within a few feet of the curtain which concealed the silent burglar), Anthony rushed home in a frenzy of horror and requested his parents, who had been to a theatre where he should have joined them, to behold a murderer.

Then a detective arrived from Scotland Yard with a pocket-book and half a cheque found in the flat, and finally, as these articles originally belonged to father, took that innocent party, who was doing his best to shield his son, to Scotland Yard.

Luckily for Mr. Howard, sen., the burglar who had witnessed the demise of Doreen Smith from strangulation was present at the trial. At the crucial moment when Mr. Victor Lewisohn was tying Mr. Malcolm Keen up in knots, and causing both pallor and perspiration to distort the countenance of that most admirable actor, the silent witness could stand it no longer. He just burst into the well of the court like the Spirit of Equity and routed the Common Law in a few sentences.

The sequel, in Colonel Grayson's room in Scotland Yard, is the concern of Act III, and about it I feel it my duty, out of regard for other people's entertainment, to drop not so much as a hint. The up-shot neatly rounds off a

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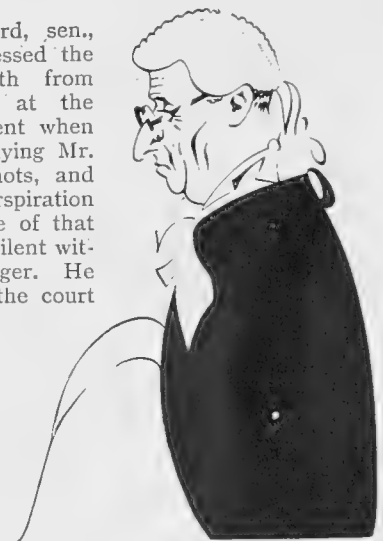
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MISS MARIE LÖHR

The distraught mother of the boy whom they all think has murdered a demimondaine until an intelligent burglar—the silent witness—comes to the rescue and proves that he has not



MR. WALTER SCHOFIELD

The judge whom one witness confuses with the prisoner in the dock



PUTTING HIM THROUGH IT

Mr. Harold Scott, the witness, and Mr. Lawrence Anderson, the Counsel. The witness is a comic taxi-driver and Mr. Lawrence Anderson is the suave and eloquent Counsel for the defence who is seen leading him up the garden!

thoroughly diverting and workmanlike confection. Mr. Daniel Roe (burglar), Mr. Robert Harris (Anthony), Mr. H. St. Barbe-West (detective), and Mr. Lawrence Anderson (K.C.) do sound work. Mr. Harold Scott's taximan and Mr. H. Saxon-Snell's commissionaire are exuberant instances of the value of comic relief in court. Almost the best moment of the evening was Mr. Scott's vacant stare at the judge when requested to look carefully at the prisoner in the dock. "TRINCULO."



## AT GOLFING. H.Q.

Lieut.-Colonel N. G. Stewart-Richardson, Major-General A. H. Marindin, and Mrs Skene, the wife of Lieut.-Colonel P. G. M. Skene, at St. Andrews, for the Royal and Ancient Spring Medal Competition. General Marindin was playing in the Army Championship the previous week, and reached the semi-final round in the General's Cup. Colonel Skene (see top right) is the retiring captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, and is to be succeeded by H.R.H. the Duke of York. The famous Andra Kirkcaldy needs no introduction to golfers

LIEUT.-COLONEL SKENE AND MISS SKENE WITH ANDRA KIRKCALDY

## ROUNDS AND THE RING

Golf at St. Andrews and Dublin Calling



SIR THOMAS O'SHAUGHNESSY AND HIS DAUGHTER, MRS. BENNETT

At the Royal Dublin Society's Spring Show, where the snapshots on the left and right were also taken. The Right Hon. Sir Thomas O'Shaughnessy, P.C., Dublin's Grand Old Man, was Recorder of the City for nineteen years, and is an ex-Judge of the High Court of Justice of the Irish Free State. Lord Talbot de Malahide holds the romantic sounding title of Hereditary Lord Admiral of Malahide and the Seas adjoining. His place, Malahide Castle, is said to be one of the oldest inhabited houses in Ireland. Lord and Lady Longford also made a point of coming to Dublin for the Spring Show, which is nowadays almost as important a function as the Horse Show itself



LORD AND LADY TALBOT DE MALAHIDE



LORD AND LADY LONGFORD

Photographs by Ian Smith and Vyvyan Poole, Dublin





SIR JAMES BARRIE, BART., O.M., LL.D.

*Hay Wrightson, New Bond Street*

If ever it is possible to say of anyone that on his seventieth birthday he is fuller of honours than he is of years it is so of one of the greatest playwrights our epoch has produced. Sir James Barrie was seventy on May 9, but his intellect and genius are as young as they were when, let us say, he wrote "A Window in Thrums," "My Lady Nicotine," and "The Little Minister." Sir James Barrie was only thirty-one when "The Little Minister" was published as a book. It was not dramatized till 1897. It would be hard, indeed, to say which of his works "made Barrie," but "Quality Street," "The Admirable Crichton," that wonderful piece of fairy imagination "Peter Pan," "Dear Brutus," "Mary Rose," and perhaps almost above all, that little gem, "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," are some of the stones which have helped to build an enduring monument to one of the world's greatest. At the time this goes to press it is more than likely that Sir James Barrie will come out top of the poll in the election of the Chancellor of Edinburgh University, for he leads the Marquess of Linlithgow by 10 votes, and Lord Macmillan has withdrawn

# PRISCILLA IN PARIS

I DO not know, Très Cher, exactly how long, after their curiosity has been satisfied, Parisians will flock as they are doing now to the Dirt Track races that are taking place every Saturday evening at the Buffalo Velodrome. At present it is *le sport nouveau* and must-be-seen-to-be-believed! Personally I think it will last, for it is the most thrilling affair I have seen for a long time. And by force of contrast, what a comforting sight on an arctic May evening. To be snugly in the grand stand with a rug over one's knees, a fur coat around one's shoulders, with a white-coated vendor of hot "toddy" and boiling coffee within call, while the elements do their worst for the Poor Unfortunates out on the track, makes one very grateful for one's own comfort. As for the Poor Unfortunates *they* are the Marvel-Men of the day. In verity an amazing sight. The weather was really pretty foul last night. Windy, cold, and wet. There were great soggy-looking pools of mud at every curve of the track, and in the wake of those flying devil-machines great waves of cinders flew upwards and out. . . . How the riders could stick on their machines, even in the straight; on that apparently bumpy surface, goodness only knows; and round the curves they were positively miraculous. There were crashes a-many. Don Durant, one of the British riders, started the ball a-rolling, and spread himself all over the track just in front of the grand stand; various frail wenches prepared to faint and stout men blanched and swore commiseratingly; and looked round for the stretcher-carriers . . . but Don was up and on his machine again before anyone could reach him. Later a Frenchman, Charles Bellissent, came an even more sensational purler; barged into the netting in a *virage*, and went up like a sky-rocket. But he also was up again in less time than it takes me to hammer this out . . . only one lad had to be helped off the track to the dressing-room, for though not visibly wounded he was werry 'ick.

The spectators were mostly of the usual-velodrome-crowd variety, but there were also such "personalities" as Madame Madeleine Loys, the singer who has just had such a big success at Biarritz, M. Jean Worms, the actor who so brilliantly created Bourdet's *La Prisonnière* and Amiel's *L'Image* with his wife, who is a well-known expert in home



THE ANTHONY SISTERS IN PARIS

Mandel, Paris

Two English dancers who have captured the popular fancy at the Casino de Paris and have just had a further success with some quite unique numbers



MLLE. FIFI DORSAY

A French film actress, who has been having a good deal of success in some recent Fox films and made a hit in that amusing thing, "They Had to See Paris," which was showing in London a short time ago

decoration—a job so many women take up but so few make a success of. Mr. Ch. Gulliver was in a box with Mr. Gideon and his wife . . . does this mean that we are at last to have another English music-hall in Paris to take the place of the dear old Alhambra that was burned down several years ago? Cheers from the multitude! Madame Jean St. Granier was just behind me with a party of English friends . . . which reminds me that the new revue at the Palace, by Jean St. Granier, is both witty and spectacular, which is a very rare combination in these days of the merely nude and noisy! Raquel Meller of "flickers," *Violetterra*, and other fame, stars therein; she sings enchantingly and appears in several seductive tableaux. Jean St. Granier, who wisely and for our greater pleasure acts on the principle that if you want a thing well done do it yourself, plays in several of his most amusing "sketches." One, a side-splitting affair in which he appears as an elderly *marquise* of the Bright Old Thing kind. She is expecting the arrival of her beauty doctor and his aids, who are to operate upon her in her own home. By error she welcomes, in their stead, a couple of house decorators who, in their white overalls, have come in to replaster the front of the house and do-up the drawing-room. She questions them with anxiety as to the *modus* of the forthcoming operation; and the ensuing conversation—quite untranslatable of course—during which the gay but decrepit old soul and the workmen are entirely at cross purposes, keeps the audience in a simmer of amusement.

I was not in Paris for the *première* of Pavlova's season at the Théâtre des Champs Élysées but went to see her a few evenings later. The house was packed. She is surrounded by a very excellent company, amongst which Mlle. Félia Dubróska stands prominently forth. She is unusually tall for a danseuse, but how gracefully precise and how light in every finished movement. Of Pavlova herself what can one say but that she is as incomparable as ever, and that a hushed and adoring audience watched the quivering death of *La Cygne* with the same rapt attention as when, for the first time, long before the war, Pavlova electrified Paris at the first performance of the *chef d'œuvre* that is her interpretation of Saint-Saens' music? She had, of course, a wonderful reception. —Love, P.



## BACK TO THE FILMS



MISS BEATRICE LILLIE (LADY PEEL)

It is a stroke of good luck for some coming film that Miss Beatrice Lillie has been persuaded to return to Hollywood to make another movie, for her talent in all departments of her art—mimicry, facial and vocal expression—are quite "hors concours," and there is no one on the stage to-day who has a more scintillating sense of humour. Miss Beatrice Lillie has only played in one big American film so far, "Exit Smiling" in 1926, but now the Fox Films Corporation have been lucky enough to secure her for another



"OLIVE SNELL" AND A SITTER—BILLIE DOVE

Longworth

A most interesting exhibition of portraits by the famous artist "Olive Snell," who in private life is Mrs. E. J. L. Pike, opened yesterday at the Claridge Gallery, 52, Brook Street. "Olive Snell's" work is so well known to a very wide public that it scarcely needs any encomium from anybody. She works equally well in pastel, water-colour, and in oils, and has had a big success in all three media. The sitter in the above picture was being painted in the First National Studio in Hollywood. Miss Billie Dove is one of the most decorative of film stars, and as she is an ex-Ziegfeld Folly this is not surprising. She is a brunette in colouring. Lieut.-Colonel E. J. L. Pike, M.C., has commanded the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards since 1927, and he served all through the War with the Guards Division.





### SPRING

*From the picture by Arthur J. W. Burgess, R.I., R.O.I.*





Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

N.C.C.786





MRS. GERARD D'ERLANGER

*By Olive Snell*

Who before her marriage was Miss Edythe Baker, and charmed all London by her quite exceptional talents as a pianiste and player of syncopated music when she came over from the States a few years ago to play in Mr. Cochran's revue, "One Dam Thing After Another," at the London Pavilion





## THE FAN

By Leonard





ATICS

Potts





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THE COCKTAIL CONNOISSEUR—AN (IM)PURE FANTASY

By H. M. Bateman



## A BEATL COFFEE SERVICE

Dinner over—back in the drawing room—coffee comes to you in cups like hollowed-out jewels! Afire with colour, aglow with radiance, they fascinate at first glance. There is a tray to match, complete with quaintly-formed “sugar and cream.” It is a Beatl service—the last word in modernity.

Beatl is a wonderful new material invented by the British Cyanides Company. Not celluloid nor compressed milk, remarkably durable as well as exquisitely decorative, Beatl is now taking the place of glass and china everywhere.

Just as china is made by various designers under various names, so Beatl is moulded by different firms under the names Linga Longa, Bandalasta and M.L. The Coffee Service shown above, the Rose Bowl and the Cigarette Box, are all in “Linga Longa” Beatl and may be chosen in a dozen or more brilliantly beautiful colourings.

*A full range of Beatl articles can be seen at the Beatl Shop, 219, Regent Street, London (Telephone Mayfair 4352). Also sold at leading stores throughout the country.*





## STRAIGHT FROM HOLLYWOOD



Hurrell

MAY MOYLAN IN "OUR BLUSHING BRIDES"

Beautiful May Moylan is supporting Jean Crawford in her latest talkie, "Our Blushing Brides," and the costume appears to be rather appropriate to the title. Jean Crawford's real name is Lucille de Suedo, and she is Texan not Scottish. She began her career as a cabaret and stage dancer, and one of her big pictures was the film version of "Rose Marie." Claire Luce, who is even better known on the stage than she is in the picture world, was recently in London. The magnificent pendant she is wearing is of diamonds and sapphires. Richard Dix, who is seen with his leading lady, Rita Le Roy, in "Roughneck Lover," is half English and half American, and originally intended to be a surgeon, then became a banker, then an architect, then a stage actor, and is now a film star of the first magnitude. His big films include "Shanghai Bound," "Moran of the Marines," "The Gay Defender," etc., etc.



Nicholas Muray

CLAIRE LUCE



Ernest A. Bachrach

RITA LE ROY AND RICHARD DIX IN "ROUGHNECK LOVER"



## A MIXED BAG OF SPORT



THE CHELTENHAM POLO CLUB GYMKHANA

Dennis Moss

Mr. Healing and, amongst the others in the group, Mrs. Macklan, Miss Churchill (on the grey), and Miss Mitchell



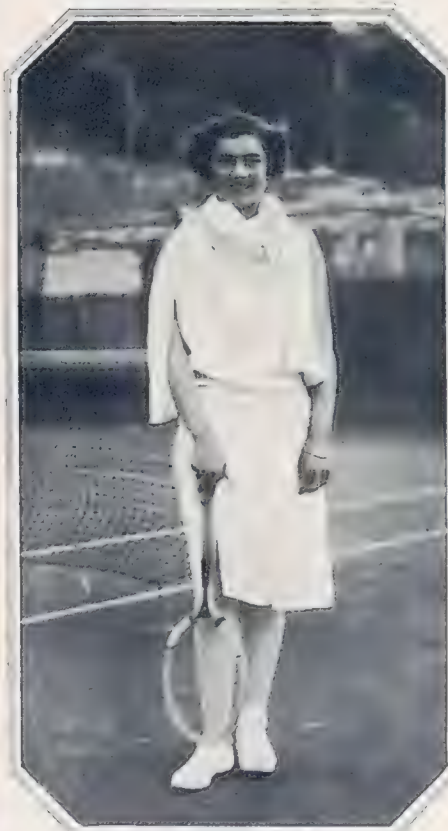
ALSO AT CHELTENHAM

Miss B. Parry and Mr. Preston-Jones, runners-up in the wheel-barrow race



Dennis Moss

MISS MILNE AND SIR EDWARD DURAND—  
AT CHELTENHAM



SEÑORITA DE ÁLVAREZ



AT HURST PARK: LADY EVELYN BEAUCHAMP  
AND LADY CARNARVON

At the Cheltenham Polo Club Gymkhana, which was held at the club's excellent ground at Prestbury Park, it was not actually raining, a fact rather necessary to mention in these times when every depression in the world appears to be making a bee-line for the British Isles. Sir Edward Durand, who is a nephew of the late Sir Mortimer Durand, who was a figure in the diplomatic world, acted as starter. Señorita de Alvarez is now in hard training for Wimbledon, where we are certain to see her very much in the picture, and when this snapshot was taken had just won the two events she played in at Monte Carlo, having had Big Bill Tilden as her partner in the Mixed. Lady Evelyn Beauchamp and Lady Carnarvon, who are sisters-in-law, were at Hurst on Victoria Cup day. Lord Carnarvon, who is very keen on race-riding besides being an owner, was second on Stanley Wootton's Sobrino at the Lewes Meeting the other day, and young Prince Ali Khan, the Aga's son, also had a ride



## AN ARTIST'S WIFE

Mrs. David Jagger ; her Husband's Portrait of the Queen is one of the Pictures of the Year at the Academy



MRS. DAVID JAGGER

Mr. David Jagger's very pretty wife has been frequently painted by him, and portraits of her hang in the Art Galleries of Birkenhead and Liverpool. Mrs. Jagger was married at eighteen, having previously paid a short visit to the stage, acting under the name of Joan Gordon. She is most enthusiastic about her husband's work and is naturally delighted at the success achieved by his command picture of Her Majesty in this year's Royal Academy Exhibition. The King himself chose the wonderful sapphire velvet cloak which the Queen wears in this regal and arresting portrait, whose ultimate destination is Holyrood

Portraits by Yevonde







"Mounted soldiers galloped along the road we had just traversed"

## SECRET SERVICE IN RED RUSSIA

By Sir Paul Dukes

### CHAPTER VIII.

UNTIL Peter returned my faith in land routes was weak. One would think that my faith in water routes would also hardly be strong, but despite shipwreck I still had hopes of getting out this way.

Another daring scheme was put forward by an officer at the Admiralty, who offered to procure a tug for certain work he was doing. He would tell the captain of the tug that he had orders to convey to Finland a British naval officer who had visited Russia for secret parleys with the Bolsheviks. I was to pose as the British naval officer. We were to steam past Cronstadt under the Soviet flag and using Soviet signals, and I was to be deposited somewhere in Finnish waters. The plan was arranged for August 20, but on August 18 the famous British raid on Cronstadt took place. My Admiralty friend was ordered there and our scheme fell through.

My next plan was to get out by way of Lake Ladoga. This, the largest lake in Europe, is some distance east of Petrograd, and part of its shores are in Finland. My idea was to purchase a boat, and row or sail the forty miles up the coast of the lake to Finland. But this plan offered difficulties similar to the sea route except that there was no Cronstadt to pass. However before I could put it into execution Peter returned.

In spite of constant hostilities all along the Estonian and Latvian fronts, Peter was certain I should be able to get out in this direction.

Just at this time the sappers division to which I belonged was ordered to this front. My commander, who was an ardent anti-Bolshevik none the less enjoyed the confidence of the Red Command owing to the fact that quite unintentionally he had blown up a bridge, cutting off a White advance when he had intended to cut off a

Red retreat. He was mortified by this mistake but it enabled him to do much for me that he could not otherwise have done.

He agreed to supply Peter with papers from the regiment to send us ahead, detailing us off to a certain artillery brigade, and subsequently to report us as killed.

We took with us a companion who knew the district to which we were going. This young man had done work for me, and I had promised him a safe conduct to the other side when I should leave myself.

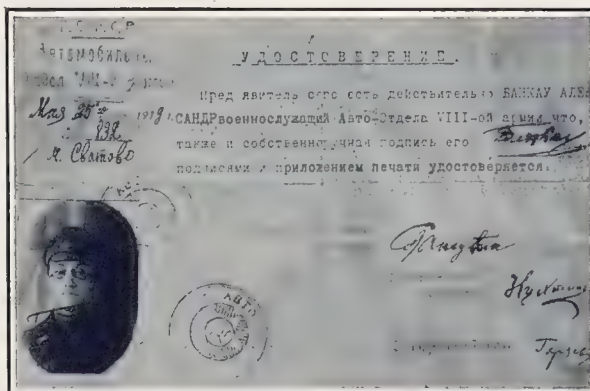
All went well until our train was searched during the night as we approached the front. My despatches, which in view of my leaving Russia were more voluminous than usual, were concealed in a bag of salt. This was all right for getting through with station crowds, but it would certainly not pass close scrutiny.

When the train was stopped and surrounded at a wayside station and search commenced I wanted to throw my bag of salt out of the window. But the two seats nearest the window were occupied by strangers. I had to hang on to it.

There was no light, and we sat in racking suspense waiting our turn to be searched. I pushed the bag of salt under the seat, where it would of course be found, but we would say desperately that it was not ours.

We were locked in the compartment, there was no way of escape, and the interminable waiting, with almost dead certainty of arrest at the end, was intolerable.

Twice the door was opened and we were asked our destination. Twice it was closed again and we went on waiting in horrible suspense. Clearly we heard the searchers coming nearer, and the other half of our compartment was turned into a place of detention for those arrested. Through the closed partition we could hear the disputes.



THE AUTHOR'S RED ARMY PAPERS

The translation of the above interesting document reads: "The bearer of this is Alexander Bankau, employed in the Automobile Section of the 8th Army, as certified by attached seals and signatures"

(Continued on p. 3)



# DREAMS

☆ Dreams are an escape from yourself  
 ☆ They are a kind of magic carpet onto which one steps and rides away from his wounds and his mediocrity  
 ☆ And they are more—as far as you can dream, so far can you one day go; for dreams are the lovely plans of the unknown reaching towards us to be fulfilled; they are the multi-colored promise of that which can come to pass  
 ☆ What is a flower but the completed vision of a quiet little seed dreaming in the dust?  
 ☆ What are these terraced buildings all about us like strong hands lifted towards the sky in grave salute, but the dreams of men, come true?  
 ☆ What are the stars, and beyond, more stars too for us to see—all the mystery and movement of the universe—but the reveries of some God, expressed in form?  
 ☆ When one no longer dreams of the beauty that could be, he has begun to die  
 ☆ Always Elizabeth Arden has dreamed of beauty to be shared with every woman in the world. But she has done more than dream. Like all inspired dreamers, she has crystallized her visions into realities.  
 ☆ LeRêve d'Elizabeth, the perfume of dreams, has caught the very spirit of gardens dreaming in the moonlight. In its fragrance is a quality that makes one remember her lovely power to dream, to step on a magic carpet and ride away into new worlds.



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# Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"



MR. LYTTLETON ROGERS AND  
MADAME MATHIEU

Two well-known lawn tennis "cracks" on the Helianthe Terrace at Biarritz. Mr. Lyttleton Rogers is Davis Cup class, and Madame Mathieu is the French lady champion

**A**S has been observed with perfect truth, and very many times in another part of this paper, the Season does seem to have got going at last, for we are beginning to get some really newsy and exciting items. Here are a few: (1) The humble suburban landlady who bid half-

The one specially recommended to our notice is "soon after a meal." Is a matutinal cup of "comfortable Bohea" a "meal"? Because, if so, some of us risk watery death every day of our lives.

**I**t has been well and truly said that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and whilst in these blustery British Isles we—and Scotland Yard's estimable Flying Squad—continue to be defeated by the bag-snatcher, in distant and highly-select Simla, that Hill Capua of Hindustan, the time is just about beginning for the Attaché-snatching campaign, and in spite of India's warring sects I suppose it continues. In any case a little picture of the more amusing side of things can do no great harm. I do not know how one can strike any sort of balance between the two situations, but judging by a moderately long experience, I should be inclined to think that the Attaché-snatching business caused by far the greater amount of trouble.

There be many who browse in places where one or two may collect after lunch who will recall the wreckage caused by the divine Blanche Fitzgarter, the acknowledged Queen of Attaché-snatchers, and who remember quite well how one season, just about this time of year when the sap rises quickest in the bark, she annexed the entire Viceregal Staff (bar the Military Secretary who was too busy removing a Himalayan mountain to enlarge the Annandale racecourse and make a full-sized polo ground), and reduced it to a state of flaccid ineptitude. How she snatched two Excellencies, several grizzled fighters, including the grim soldier who had the Northern Command, a Chief Justice who was in Simla *en garçon*—his austere possessor having gone off to Bond Street to buy clothes—two Honourable Misters, who were heads of their departments and had foolishly allowed unofficial correspondence to be found in their office boxes by their wives, and worse than all this, had made even a full-fledged bishop quite loopy and limp. Are not

(Continued on p. vi)



Mrs. Albert Brown  
COLONEL LORD HENRY  
SEYMOUR, D.S.O.

The officer commanding the Grenadier Guards and the Regimental District. The three battalion commanders are Lieut.-Colonel E. J. Pike, Lieut.-Colonel A. F. Thorne, and Lieut.-Colonel G. E. C. Rasch. Lord Henry Seymour is the brother and heir-presumptive of the Marquess of Hertford

a-crown for a bedroom suite at the sale at the Cecil, is as deserving of canonisation as our friend, H. M. Bateman here, who bid half-a-sovereign for a horse at Tattersalls, and, be it marked, not a single paper took the trouble to interview her *avec* photograph. (2) The comforting assurance by a learned legal wit that we are perfectly safe if we call anyone a (select your own epithet) thief, but rather for it if we say just "you thief." (3) The unmasking of old Buchan as a fraud over this May snap business, which everyone knows must happen if April is warm enough (as it was) to set the icebergs loose. (4) This victory of the knees over the no-knees campaign in the world of fashion, and the heavy defeat of male trousers for females—as if breeches had not clinched this thing long ago, and (5) The absolutely thrilling boxing news contained in these two announcements *in re* Schonrath:

(a) He put his hand to his mouth, which was bleeding severely, and seemed dazed beyond any further effort. But he got up at eight, and although knocked down again, struggled to his feet a second time at five. He tried to fight back as Stribling, humanely trying to finish the match, rained punches on him. Everybody was glad when the referee stopped the bout.

(b) The Scott-Stribling fight, fixed for the Clapton Stadium on June 2 will not take place, the "Sporting Life" learned last night, as Scott is ill in bed and will not be able to box on that date.

If anyone has any complaints about things being dull, I think he had better write to the B.B.C. about it, and get them to put it on as "The Week's Good Cause."

(6) The eleven reasons against what I see is called "taking a bath," a matter which apparently requires perhaps a month's serious consideration, given us by a thoughtful physician.



MR. GEOFFREY HARMSWORTH AND MISS MARY PICKFORD

A more or less recent Hollywood picture. Mr. Geoffrey Harmsworth, who is a son of Sir Leicester Harmsworth and a nephew of Lord Rothermere, is doing what is called in Hollywood "going movie," in other words studying the technique of film-producing



# Inefficiency versus Intelligence



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DUBLIN: at Switzers.	BRISTOL: at J. F. Taylor, Ltd.	PARIS: 20 Rue de la Paix.	BERLIN: 106 Leipzigerstrasse.

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MISS PEGGY BEATY

Mabel Robey

One of the busiest young people in London at the moment, as she is dancing both in "Cochran's 1930 Revue" at the London Pavilion, and is also the principal dancer in the "Bitter Sweet Ballet" at that brilliant show, the Trocadero cabaret

THE fisherman had returned with his day's catch. "Why don't you fish for something better than gudgeon or roach? You know I don't like them. Why don't you try to catch some trout or salmon?"

"That's right! That's right!" snapped the indignant husband. "Don't you know that trout and salmon cost four bob a pound?"

A couple of gentlemen had a very cheery "night out," and when they met a few days later they compared notes. "That was a night and no mistake," said one of them, "do you know I finished up in the police station?"

"Lucky dog!" said the other, with bitterness in his voice; "I found my way home!"

THE village milkman bought a horse for the morning round. It was not exactly a thoroughbred creature, but it had four legs. One day he took his bargain to the blacksmith to have him shod. When this worthy came out he regarded the weary-looking animal critically, paying particular attention to his lean body and spindly legs. "You ought to have a horse there some day," he said at length to the milkman; "I see you've got the scaffolding up!"

They were discussing poets, and Sandy arose to defend his beloved Robert Burns.

"Look here," he said, "you Englishmen think a lot of William Shakespeare. D'ye think he was mair clever than Rabbie Burns?"

"Certainly," replied the Englishman, "there's absolutely no comparison between them."

"Maybe so," Sandy hotly retorted, "but Rabbie Burns would ne'er write such nonsense as 'Uneasy lies the head that wears a croon.'"

"What do you mean?" asked the Englishman, looking puzzled.

"Rabbie Burns would jist hang the croon owre the back of a chair."

## Bubble and Squeak

THE following is a Japanese rule for motorists, translated into English by a native official:

"At the rise of the hand of a policeman, stop rapidly. Do not pass him or otherwise disrespect him. When a passenger of the foot hoves in sight tootle the horn trumpet to him, melodiously at first. If he still obstacles your passages, tootle him with vigour and express by word of mouth the warning, 'Hi, hi!' Do not explode the exhaust box at the wandering horse; go soothingly by. Give big space to the sportive dog that makes sport in the roadway. Avoid entanglement of the dog with your wheel-spokes. Go soothingly on the grease-mud, as there lurk the skid demon; press the brake of the foot as you roll round the corners and save the collapse and tie up."

HIS wife was accompanying him that day. "Darling!" he cried at one point, "I've just holed out in one!" "There!" exclaimed his better half, "and I wasn't looking. Never mind, dear, do it again and I'll watch you this time!"

THE busy chief had been interrupted several times, and the last intruder made him lose his temper.

"Can't you read?" he snapped, "the sign on that door means 'private.'"

"I know, and I'm glad it's there," replied the young traveller. "If there's anything I hate it's being interrupted when I'm talking to a valuable customer."

Complete collapse of chief.

HOW many maids do you place in a week?" asked Mrs. Greene of the proprietress of a domestic employment agency.

"Oh, about forty," was the reply.

"Really," murmured Mrs. Greene. "How wonderful! That must be something like 2,000 a year."

"Oh, no, madam," was the retort; "you see, they are always the same forty."



THE COUNT AND COUNTESS GALEAZZO CIANO

Whose marriage took place recently in Rome. The bride was Signorina Edda Mussolini, the daughter of the Duce, who, if he is correctly reported, is in an even more fighting mood than ever if we may judge by his recent speech at Leghorn





The Capstan  
"Flat-Fifty"  
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## SKIN SAVING

By Lieut.-Colonel Ardern Beaman, D.S.O.

THE Muhammadan does not forget that he stands in India as a conqueror. Not more than about twelve hundred years ago the amazing eruption of the Islamic volcano scorched the Middle East, and its molten lava began to stream in perennial overflow across to India. The Hindu likewise first descended from his Aryan uplands as a conqueror, but so long ago that the origins of that influx are now limbed in the twilight of fable. The more recent arrival does not always trouble to conceal the fact that he looks on the earlier as an easily mastered aboriginal. Consequently little love is lost. There are "incidents."

It may not be altogether tactful to mention this, but were otherwise, the burden of an overwrought British Raj might be even heavier than it is. That, however, like Empire Free Trade or the worth of the League of Nations is entirely a matter of opinion.

Naturally enough it is usually during some period of religious observance that this ancient antagonism is most apt to blaze out in blood. Then the stoic, olympic assistance of Thomas Atkins is hysterically besought by both sides, and subsequently he is vilified impartially in the Press of each.

It was on Ashuráa, the tenth day of Muharram, that Dickie and I became embroiled in one of these sectarian disturbances. Muharram—as perhaps everybody does not know—are days of lamentation for the Caliph Ali, cousin of the Prophet, who was politically murdered at Qada; and for his sons, Hasan, said to have been poisoned by his wife, and Hussain, who fell fighting for the Caliphate, pierced by twenty-three lance thrusts.

The trouble began in the immemorial manner. A large body of Muhammadans paraded the streets, carrying representations of the tabuts or biers of Hasan and Hussain, and reciting the prescribed funeral oration with great excitement and outcry. Hindus were shocked and distracted from their worship by this alien uproar. Gongs bellowed, conches brayed, angry voices rose in counter-clamour from the Temple of Durga as the procession passed. In a few minutes the streets were seething; battle was joined.

This was during the unrestful times of demobilization; while everything was still "controlled," even passages home. Dickie and I fresh from the Iraq Rebellion, were kicking up our heels in a "Rest Camp" along with several hundred other officers and men, Regular, Territorial, "Kitchener," conscript, waiting our turn for a ship when news arrived that there was a regular old flare-up down in the city. Chiefly—as ever on such occasions—a wholesale looting of shops had started, and it was rumoured, a number of wretched *bannias* had already been battered to death.

"You're Indian Service," the Brigade Major ran me to ground in the mess, where Dickie and I were idling restlessly, "you understand the ways of these sweet people. The General wants you to take a couple of lorry-loads of men down to the bazâr, and—and—ah—preserve the peace."

"What precisely are my orders?" I wanted to know with marked absence of enthusiasm. A few months before, the name of Dyer had blazoned portentously in the public eye—and I am a retiring man. "Let me have them in writing," I insisted, "or I don't budge." For in those reactionary days, after the long stresses of war, discipline was, perhaps, not quite all that it might have been.

In due course, while Dickie selected the party from heterogeneous British details, whom neither of us had ever seen before, the Brigade Major returned with type-written instructions. These ordained in brief that we were to preserve life and property, restore order, calm the tumult; but that on no account whatever were we to hurt anybody.

"The last part negatives the first," Dickie grumbled. "The order is ambiguous."

"When you're as old as I am, Lion-Heart, you'll know that most military orders are."

Dickie did not like the job. He swore feelingly.

"The General's just trying to save his own skin. They always do."

"Hush!" I admonished. "Please God, I shall be a General myself some day."

We trundled down in lorries to the scene of the riot. There was no open space in the bazâr, it was just a warren of dirty, narrow, festering, seething streets, through which a general free-fight seemed to be raging. The combatants broke and vanished before our juggernaut approach, but as quickly closed up again behind us, and resumed their interrupted occupation.

At one time I halted the lorries, and with upraised hand exhorted the people to disperse quietly to their homes, lest evil befall—but with no result beyond a brickbat on my *topi*. Having soon got into a complete system of *cul-de-sacs*, I parked the lorries and posted pickets. We had certainly succeeded in moderating the inter-communal difference, for it was on us now that the bulk of the mob concentrated their attention. Our pickets began to have a lively time.

I stood with Dickie behind the machine-guns at the central four-ways crossing of the bazâr, a gun commanding each street. The hullabaloo was deafening. Almost up to the line of our bayonets the mob howled and danced, shrieking abuse and throwing odds and ends at us. The low roof-tops, just above our heads, swarmed like a hive of bees—thicker almost

(Continued on p. xxviii)



The 11th green at Formby: A gallery for Miss Gourlay during her match with Miss A. Mellor in the second round of the "Open"

WHERE is one to begin? Ending unfortunately is definitely fixed with the departure of the evening post on the second day of the championship, but shall one begin with rhapsodies over the beauties of Formby as a test of golf, execrations of the weather for the International matches, panegyrics of those who performed patriotic duty by defeating some of our guests from across the Atlantic, or of the golf of some of those visitors themselves?

Let us be chronological. Practice days were remarkable for the earnest industry of our visitors, who hit (so report had it) 500 shots per diem per person and wore five jerseys each all at once to try and keep out the cold wind, a truly herculean task by the way, which defeated everyone, whatever her nationality.

Then the first International day saw England beating Ireland 7 to 2 in the morning, and Scotland, the principal foe, in the afternoon, by 8 to 1. Miss Gourlay's golf was very impressive all day. Scotland beat Wales 7 to 2 in the morning, and in the afternoon Ireland just beat Wales by the odd



Miss Maureen Orcutt of U.S.A., a formidable member of the American contingent



Miss Enid Wilson, a great British hope, driving from the 1st tee at Formby

match. Next morning England won every match from Wales, and Scotland beat Ireland 7 to 2, and the weather was so appalling—wind, rain, and biting cold—that the wonder was how anybody hit the ball at all. We tried to brace ourselves with the thought of how hard it would be for the Americans if such weather went on when the championship started. The optimists drew pictures in their

## EVE at GOLF

Feats at Formby

By ELEANOR E. HELME



The redoubtable Miss Glenna Collett (right) with Miss Kitty Beard, her first victim at Formby



Miss Marjorie Juta, a competitor from South Africa

mind of raging hurricanes blowing the invaders before it; the pessimists croaked about the beauty of the American swing, the difficulty we should have in keeping the cup in the country; the level-headed admitted that three or four of the invaders were undoubtedly first-class players, but refused to admit unqualified superiority for them; we had plenty as good.

And then came Monday, and lo and behold it was still (comparatively), and by mid-day the sun shone, and nobody was being blown anywhere. It was one of those long days when time seems to have no meaning for anybody, more than nine hours' continuous play. How can it be described? The whole page might be filled with describing how gloriously Miss Chambers played for ten holes against "hard-hitting Helen," who does not really hit hard at all but gets her length by beautiful swinging and great muscular power evenly, one had almost written "gently" applied; how then Miss Chambers suddenly became afraid to be up, and her



Another competitor from U.S.A.: Miss Virginia van Wie using her niblick with good effect after an excursion into the rough

(Cont. on p. xxx)



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# The Perfect Pari-mutuel

by  
"Quick start"

**T**WELVE months ago I decided that after the "Tote" had been in operation for a year I would write an article fully explaining its progress, how it was regarded by backers on and off the racecourse, its advantages, disadvantages and what the future contained for those who favoured this style of wagering.

It was nothing in favour of the Official Racecourse Tote that previous to its inception several private pari-mutuels sprang up, because none of them were conducted in a manner which gave the public a favourable opinion of Tote betting. When a public fancy won, the returns of these private "totes" were invariably considerably below the official starting prices, whilst in the instances of winners which on form looked to have only forlorn chances, odds frequently running into ridiculous figures were returned. The success of such horses does not benefit the general public, who invariably back horses which have shown good form and which look to have obvious chances of winning.

Incidentally, my advice to backers who wish to experiment with these private "totes" is to keep a careful record of the returns made in connection with horses they actually back and to compare them with either the official starting prices or the returns made by the Racecourse Totalisator. This is the acid test and will be found most enlightening. It should always be borne in mind that fundamentally the objects of companies, societies, etc., who have set up these private pari-mutuels is to make money out of the betting public, but, unlike the legitimate turf accountant, they take no risk of losing their own money.

To make flamboyant announcements offering to transmit the stay-at-home backers' money to the Racecourse Totalisator, would be all very well, if such offers were not surrounded by conditions, etc. which make it impossible for the backer to fulfil.

From a racegoer's point of view, what does the Tote offer? It offers a mechanical system of betting which has proved successful in most countries where racing takes place. In many countries where the machine operates there are no bookmakers, so there is no opportunity of comparing the odds returned with any competitive method of betting. In such countries as the machine and bookmakers both operate, neither method can claim to be consistently better than the other. The machine certainly affords the backer the facility of backing horses for places only and there is no denying the fact that this is an advantage which is highly appreciated by the ordinary public. Another advantage is that having backed a winner on the Tote, the backer is not annoyed with the thought that other people have obtained better prices than himself. The machine treats all alike; there is no distinction between the public, owner, trainer or professional backer. All receive the same odds. This, of course, is not the case when betting with a bookmaker. One backer by reason of his superior information or being inspired may, during the early stages of the betting, invest his money with a bookmaker at say 10/1, and the horse may gradually shorten in price to half the odds. Again, a punter may back a winner with a bookmaker at a certain price only to find when he picks up his evening paper that the horse's official starting price is twice the rate his bookie laid him. Another advantage the machine has, is that there is no occasion for hurry or bustle. Whether a bet is made immediately the numbers go up or immediately before the "off" makes no difference to the odds returned. These are the same in all cases.

The foregoing are some of the advantages of the Tote from a racegoer's point of view. Naturally there are disadvantages. What are they? Firstly, the machine only bets against cash. That means that the backer has to go to the racecourse provided with ready money. There is the trouble of going to one's bank and of openly counting and handling cash or coupons on a racecourse, a notoriously happy hunting ground for pickpockets. Next, one must line up to obtain one's vouchers. Having received them, the backer must put them carefully away to avoid the possibility of losing them. The race over and having backed the winner or a placed horse, the necessity arises for cashing the tickets. This involves lining up in a queue until the Pari-mutuel offices have made all their calculations and are prepared to pay out, a waste of valuable time, which might be much more usefully employed making a paddock inspection of the horses for the next race and endeavouring to glean some information as to their chances. Then again, let us assume a race has just been run and the numbers of the first three hoisted. The horse backed is not amongst them. Invariably the first thing the backer does is to philosophically tear up his tickets; five minutes afterwards there is an objection. It is quite possible that although he has destroyed his tickets, he may eventually establish his claim, but there would be great difficulty in doing so and many backers would sooner put up with the loss than undergo all the trouble.

As regards the stay-at-home backer; it is quite true that he is not faced with all the disadvantages of the racegoer, but on the other hand he initially experiences difficulty in finding an agent who will accept his bets at racecourse Tote odds. Having succeeded in finding one, he is faced with all sorts of restrictions. Should he be successful in backing a winner at one of the

extraordinary long prices occasionally returned by the machine he will inevitably find his agent's rules impose certain limits which deprive him of the greater part of his winnings. Again, he will find all sorts of restrictions as regards time limits, possibly a rule to the effect that his instructions whether by telegram or 'phone must reach his agent at least 30 minutes before the advertised time of the race—an almost impossible stipulation, because in this country the time that a telegram is delivered at its destination is not recorded. Betting, to most backers, is a form of relaxation; they select certain horses in a day's programme which they think have favourable chances and their usual procedure is to back the first one which runs. They make no further bets until they know the fate of the first horse. If it wins, they back their second selection, etc., but this procedure would be impossible if they were compelled to dispatch their telegrams in time for them to reach their agent 30 minutes before the race.

There is the story both from a racegoer's and stay-at-home backer's points of view. In my opinion, both of them have to put up with severe disadvantages, which, if persisted in, would considerably detract from the pleasurable relaxation afforded by the sport. It was not easy to find a remedy which would straighten out the difficulties and allow the backer the peace of mind he is entitled to. I had almost given it up as an impossible task, when my eye caught the back page of the "Tatler" and staring at me were the words "Duggie virtually places the Tote in every Telegraph Office." Could I believe my eyes? Yes, there it was. I dashed quickly to the 'phone. "Is that you 'Duggie'?" Can I see you with reference to your Pari-mutuel announcement? Many thanks—10 a.m. to-morrow morning—later would do—I don't want you to get to your office so early—what's that? 10 a.m. is late—all your important work finished by then? Good gracious! I thought Turf Accountants stayed up half the night drinking champagne and smoking Coronas."

Punctually at 10 a.m. I arrived at Stuart House. From the moment I placed my feet in this palatial building, I felt that my conception of starting price bookmakers and their offices was ludicrously wrong. All the dignity and convenience of an important banking establishment were here. Uniformed attendants, automatic lifts, panelled reception rooms, scores of employees all hard at work and withal not a sound beyond the scratching of pens. I barely had time to rub my eyes and assure myself I was not dreaming before 'Duggie' himself was shaking my hand and enquiring how he could be of service to me. I recovered my breath sufficiently to return his greetings and holding out the advertisement that brought me there I said "Can you tell me exactly what this means?" "Certainly; it means exactly what it says."

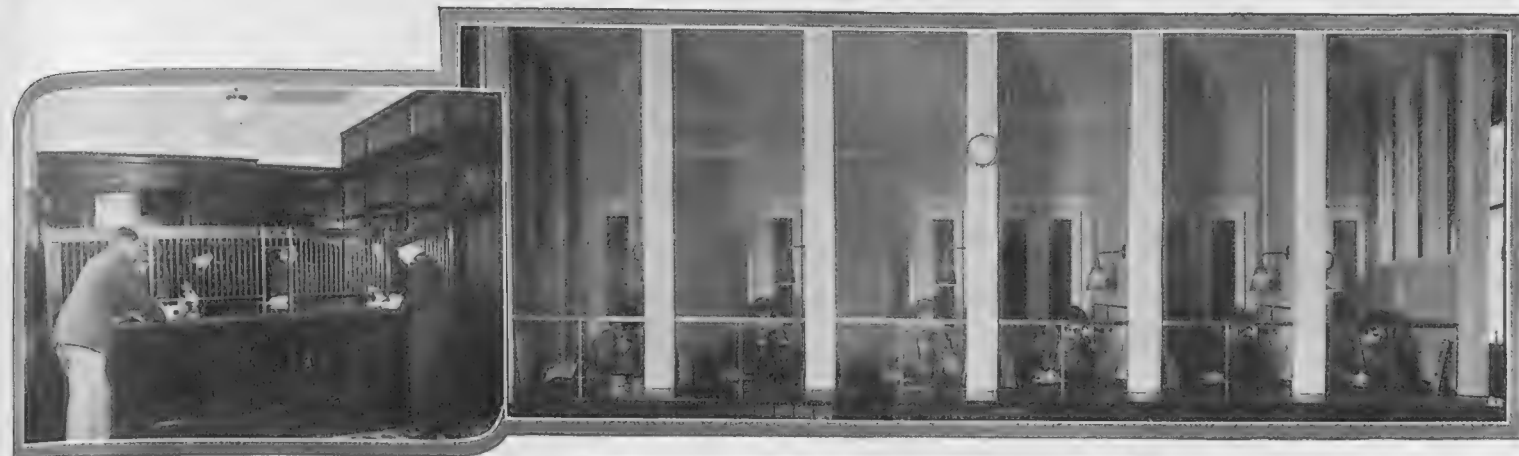
In no time I was convinced that I had at last found the solution of the difficulties. The stay-at-home backer could, if away from London, telegraph £10 to win or each way a horse up to the advertised time of the race without any stipulation as to the time of arrival. Even if through some post office fault it was not delivered at all, the winnings were paid on production of a certified copy. If telegraphing was inconvenient there was the 'phone and a subsequent inspection of the installation provided for telephone business placed beyond doubt the fact that Stuart House contains the most wonderfully conceived 'phone room that ever existed. Dozens of beautifully constructed well ventilated glass compartments each seating an operator who is "fed" by two switchboards. What is more, all the operators have, attracted by higher pay, been recruited from the Telephone service.

"Now what about the Racecourse?" was my next question. Here again, it seems that every provision has been made for the backer. He can do exactly the same from the racecourse as he can from his club or office with the additional facility of being able to hand in telegrams up to the "off." "And what," I murmured, "about Limits?" "None" replied 'Duggie.' "Over 25 years ago I broke down all the old-fashioned fetishes about Limits. 'No Limit' has been my slogan in the past and will be in the future, whether my clients bet at Tote odds or Starting Prices."

Came the question from 'Duggie', "Are you sure you have got all the information you require?" Scanting the possibility of the interview terminating I answered in the affirmative, expressed my thanks and appreciation of the courtesy I had been shown and picked up my hat. "But surely," persisted 'Duggie', "you have overlooked a most important factor." I put my thinking cap on. What could it be? Was it all a hoax? Had it been a dream? "No," I said; "there's nothing I appear to have overlooked." "Have you thought" asked 'Duggie' "of what would happen if, like others, I sent my clients' bets back to the Racecourse Tote?" And then I saw what he meant. Suppose his clients sent him commissions totalling £500 for a particular horse. The horse won and the machine returned 5/1. If the £500 was sent to the racecourse Tote, the odds, instead of being 5/1 would probably be under 2/1, so that backers are studying their own financial interests in doing their business with this very much alive and enterprising agent. Undoubtedly the "Perfect Pari-mutuel."



# STUART HOUSE—ILLUSTRATED



Enquiries at Stuart House are dealt with by experienced attendants whose business it is to procure the information desired in the shortest space of time. Delay is considered as a crime at Stuart House.



Part of the highly efficient soundproof telephonic installation, where each message is received in duplicate and registered by independent operators. It is claimed that the possibility of error creeping in is practically eliminated by this method, which is unique.



The principal reception room at Stuart House.



S.P. Department, where all commissions at official starting prices are handled.



The Totalisator Department in which all commissions at Pari-Mutuel odds are carried out.



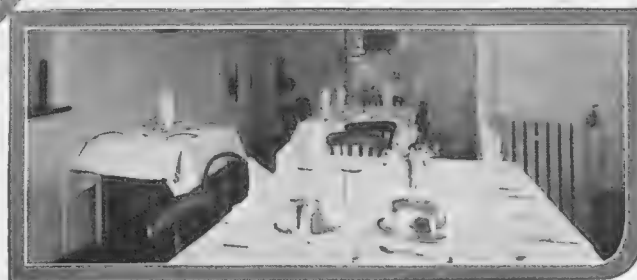
The Filing and Reference Rooms.



A Corner of the Correspondence Room.



The Circularising Department. All interior printing, office forms, lists, etc. are produced on the spot.



Both luncheon and tea are here served to the staff. Good and regular living is accepted as an important item in the day's routine.



SIR RONALD GUNTER AND MR. S. H. DAVIES

Who were both competing in the recent Double Twelve Hour Race at Brooklands, which was won by Captain Woolf Barnato in a Bentley. Mr. S. H. Davies was second, also in a Bentley, and Sir Ronald Gunter drove an Aston-Martin

#### A Real Innovation.

I WAS having an argument the other day with one who held that motor-car design was now, in his own expression, "pretty well fixed," and who definitely opposed my view that it was not only in a state of flux but more fluxified than ever. In support of my attitude I quoted the recent introduction of such things as free-wheel differentials, silent third gear-boxes, self-adjusting hydraulic brakes, india-rubber suspension, and various things of that sort, all of which, like other things that have gone before them, are clearly going to have their vogue. But he objected that these were all alterations of detail and not representative of any change in principle. "There is," said he, "no fundamentally new idea in any of them." I am sorry this crack did not take place a few days later, for then, thanks to the Daimler Company's enterprise, I could have quoted an instance of something really new that was into the bargain a *fait accompli*. And he could not have denied that it is not only a novel, but even a revolutionary principle to break the physical connection between the engine and the back wheels when the former is working under ordinary

## PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. ASTON

propulsive conditions. This *res nova* its sponsors call "the fluid fly-wheel," than which, I think, a better name can be found, for to my mind, at all events, the phrase does not give a correct picture of the device nor of the object which it attains. However, let us to its description, remarking incidentally, that at present it is an "extra," only to be had upon the 30-h.p. and 50-h.p. Double-Six chassis. Behind the fly-wheel of the engine is fixed a pair of rotary hydraulic pumps (they might almost be called turbines), one of which is the driver and the other the driven member. The oil, which is the fluid medium employed,

goes round in a hermetically closed circuit. Now, as between the two pumps a small leakage is provided. Thus when the engine is turning over very slowly the one pump does not rotate the other. In these circumstances the car stands still. But when the engine is accelerated the fixed leakage cannot take care of the volume of oil circulation, and the driven pump has no option but to rotate. Hence the car moves forward. When the drive

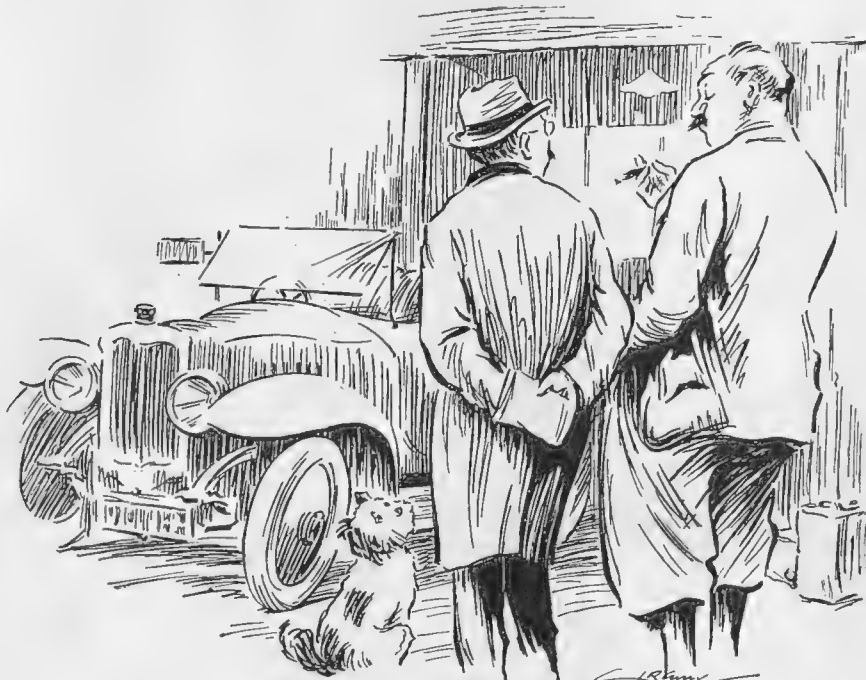
is fully taken up the loss of efficiency due to the leakage is quite infinitesimal, as is proved by the fact that with this highly ingenious hydraulic clutch the car is just as fast and just as redoubtable a hill-climber as it is without it.



Browne

LORD ORANMORE AND BROWNE

The latest recruit to flying from the peerage. Lord Oranmore is having flying lessons at Cowes in Mr. Ernest Guinness' Moth. He has just been on a cruise to the Mediterranean in the S.Y. "Fantôme," owned by Mr. Guinness



Prospective Buyer of used car: Tyres?  
Owner (reluctantly): Well, a little—on the hills

#### Modus Operandi.

Imagine yourself at the wheel. The gear lever is in "top," but that does not interfere with your starting-up the engine. It ticks over softly and sweetly. You take off the hand-brake. Nothing happens. You tread upon the accelerator pedal, and according as you tread firmly or gently the car moves off. No car with a humanly-controlled clutch has ever moved off in such a manner. For you can scarcely tell when it starts into motion. It does not matter whether you are on a hill, or whether you are in top or in an indirect ratio, the result is precisely the same. It is exactly as though you were being propelled by electricity or steam, for it is literally impossible to get a jerk or a snatch irrespective of the way in which you handle (or rather pedal) the gas. This, my friends and patrons, is a very wonderful thing. It imparts an entirely new delight into driving a car and into its running from the passenger's point of view. For it must be granted that if the sliding pinion form of gear-box is brutal, as its inventor long ago admitted, the ordinary friction clutch is a great deal more brutal still. And here are all its potentialities of brutishness completely washed out in juicy fluid and kindly oil. Be it noted that in this Daimler transmission there is a friction clutch worked by pedal as usual, but this is quite a subsidiary affair, and only comes into action in

(Continued on p. xxiii)

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday



# ALL DAY SATURDAY *they go out..* ALL DAY SUNDAY *they come back*

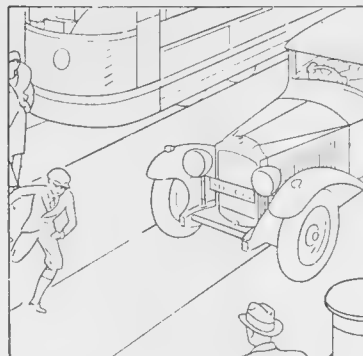
But despite the crowd, Vauxhall owners arrive on time . . . because, with the Vauxhall's higher average speed, traffic difficulties have ceased to trouble them.

A FINE WEEK-END and all town moves to the country. Slowly an unbroken line of traffic files out along the wide arterial roads.

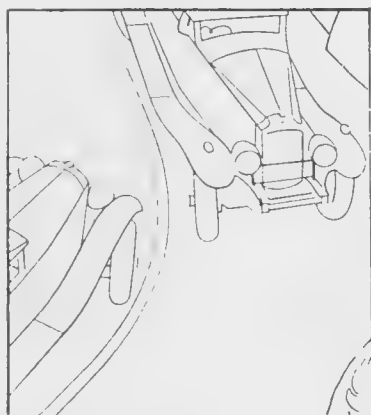
Further on the stream diminishes, but narrower roads, sharper bends prove an equally effective check to progress.

More and more, motorists demand a car that can rise above the difficulties of present-day driving. More and more they turn towards the Vauxhall, designed to maintain a high average speed under these trying conditions.

The Vauxhall puts up faster times, not because it is built primarily for high speeds—seventy miles an hour or more is the maximum—but because it can do all that is required of it a little more quickly and surely than most other cars.



A touch of the brake pedal at a second's notice and the Vauxhall comes smoothly, instantly from twenty miles an hour to a stop. It is safe to drive at consistently higher average speeds in a Vauxhall.



With its low centre of gravity and firm springing the Vauxhall can safely take bends at 35 m.p.h. for which a less stable car would have to slow down. Winding roads don't hold up a Vauxhall as they would another car.

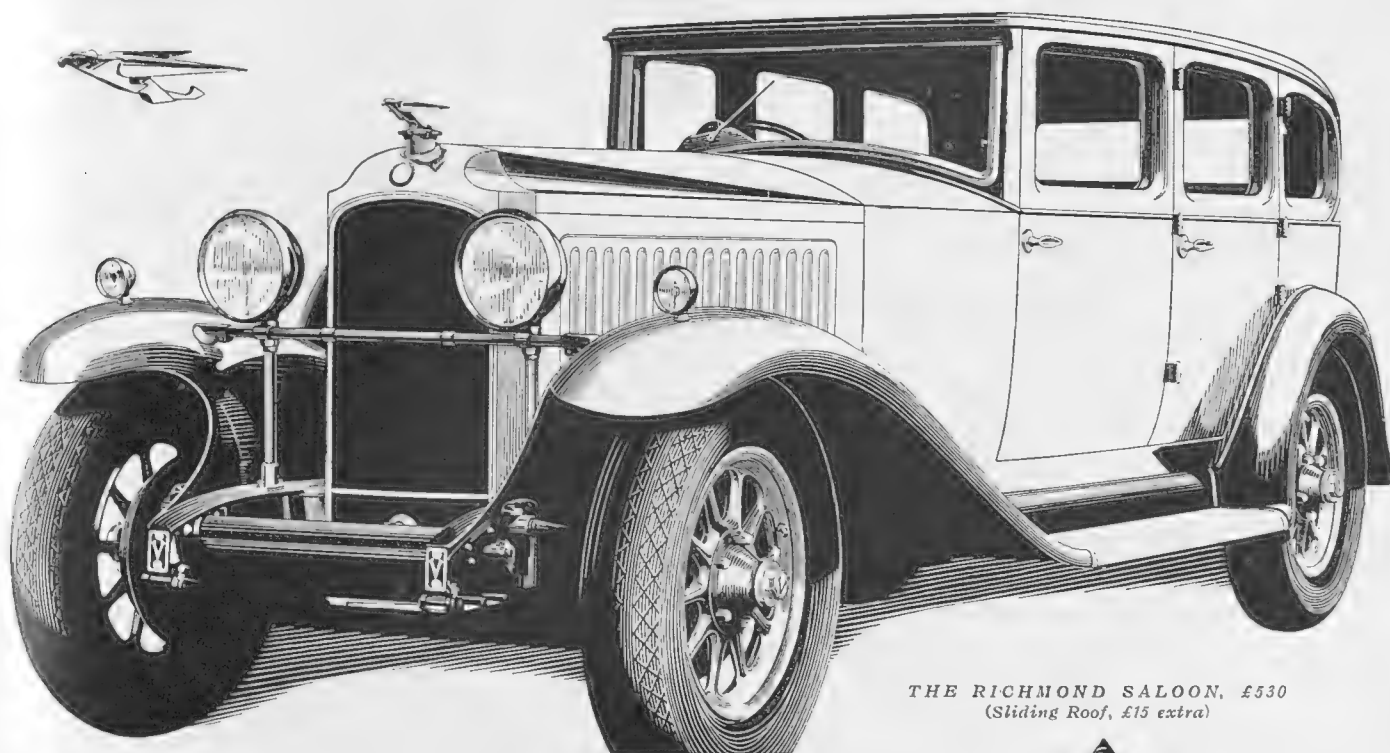
Quicker to gather speed, the Vauxhall is among the first away from every traffic block; quicker to brake in an emergency, it can safely take advantage of the least opening to pass other cars.

Quicker to round corners because of its low centre of gravity and superb springing, quicker up hills because of its four speeds and suitable gear ratios, at every stage the Vauxhall saves you those extra minutes which mean hours on a long journey.

And all this in the utter comfort assured by wide, roomy seats, luxurious upholstery, and Vauxhall's extra-smooth springing.

Vauxhalls are made from 97% British materials by British workmen at Luton, Bedfordshire. There are six models ranging in price from £495 to £695—all obtainable by the G.M.A.C. plan of convenient payments.

See them at your own dealer's. See the long, elegant body lines. Then try one for yourself on the road. Your dealer will gladly let you have one. Or write for particulars to Vauxhall Sales Department, General Motors Limited, The Hyde, Hendon, London, N.W.9. Complete range of models on view at 174-182, Great Portland St., London, W.1



THE RICHMOND SALOON, £530  
(Sliding Roof, £15 extra)

## V A U X H A L L



# The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE

## "Invisible" Movements.

**M**OVEMENTS that are graceful and at the same time well

nigh invisible must be acquired, otherwise the modish frocks will take unto themselves a tragic air. The evening dresses have adorable little bodices, the majority of which fasten beneath the arms—no more slipping on over the head says Fashion—and there are a variety of devices which give the hips the much-to-be-desired neat appearance, below which the skirts are composed of folds; many stand out

like an umbrella, and when the wearer moves their effect is spoiled should there be the least suspicion of a frou-frou. Selfridge's (Oxford Street) are showing Parisian models of this character; women's troubles will still further be increased, whimsically declares the authority there, as every dress simply demands gloves.

## Poult—Chene Taffeta—Gros Grain.

**I**t is poult, chene taffeta, and gros grain materials that were beloved of our grandmothers that are being applauded as fabricating mediums. Standing out with prominence at Selfridge's is a model expressed in pink poult; the corsage is semi-fitting, the neckline is scalloped and then filled in with a pink net modestie; this is carried round to the back, where a portion of it forms a vest; the

*There was a man called Buchan, and he prophesied rain. Therefore this smart proofed satin Milwata cape has been created for the races. It is an artistic study in black and white. (See p. ii)*

ends being loosely knotted, they cascade to the hem of the skirt. It seems unnecessary to add that the umbrella pleats assert their omnipotence as soon as the bend of the leg is passed. In striking contrast to this affair is one of walnut-shell-brown chiffon; broderie anglais and lace diamanté share honours in its adornment, the scheme being completed by a cape which may be arranged in a variety of ways. Six circular frills outlined with horsehair is the prominent feature of another *chef d'œuvre*, while much to be desired is a *Quelque Fleur* chiffon model; the colour-scheme is exquisite and there are wing draperies at the back.

## A Wondrous Dinner Dress.

**E**very now and then a dress enters the modest arena and proves the star of the season and is the fount of inspiration of a host of other lesser luminaries. The star this season is a black velvet princess dinner dress; it is the latest arrival in the Selfridge salons; the *décolletage* is cut square; the sleeves are long and tight-fitting; as a matter of fact they are cut in points which extend to the knuckles. The skirt is arranged to necessitate the much-discussed invisible movement; no, there is no

lack of material. This creation looks ultra-smart when fashioned of coral or emerald velvet—colours about which all Paris is talking.

## It Takes Twelve Yards.

**A** few seasons ago four to six yards were all-sufficient for an Ascot, Goodwood, or Garden Party dress; to-day all is changed and it takes about twelve, especially when the fabricating medium is chiffon. This amount of material is present in a Chanel model at Selfridge's; it is carried out in printed chiffon, a spray of chiffon petals instead of flowers rest lightly on the left shoulder; there is a short coatee and that wealth of detail that is characteristic of this great artist's work. Another new note is to have the dress of printed chiffon and the long coat of *crêpe de chine* patterned to match. By the way, here are to be seen copies of French models carried out in cotton voile. For instance, a Patou model is reproduced in this voile; it was made in Lancashire and made-up in London; and although there is a charming little cape which gives it a youthful appearance, it is modestly priced at 5½ guineas.

## A Gilt-edge Investment.

**I**t is so difficult to write as one would like about a genuine gilt-edge investment without being accused of using extravagant language. Let it therefore be simply set forth that there are ensembles at Selfridge's for 6½ guineas; they are carried out in

printed *crêpe de chine*, and are as appropriate for the elder woman as for the younger. The coats, innocent of sleeves, are long, and the dresses have pretty jabots and narrow belts. There is a splendid selection of colour schemes. All contemplating an ensemble that is decorative and at the same time will do yeoman service must acquire one of these veritable triumphs of the dressmaker's art; they are really charming, the cut and quality of the material being of exalted merit.

## The True Tailored Suit.

**T**here is no occupant of the wardrobe that has more poor relations than the tailored suit, and it was for that very reason that it fell into disrepute for a brief period. Goodbrook, 8, Hanover Street, has never for a moment countenanced these hangers-on, and has never permitted anything but the perfectly tailored and cut suit in his salons. To him must be given the credit of the model pictured on this page; it is built of Shetland tweed of almost a larkspur-blue. There is the bag and hat to match; a white camellia is present in the latter, and this flower likewise forms the button-hole. The skirt buttons down

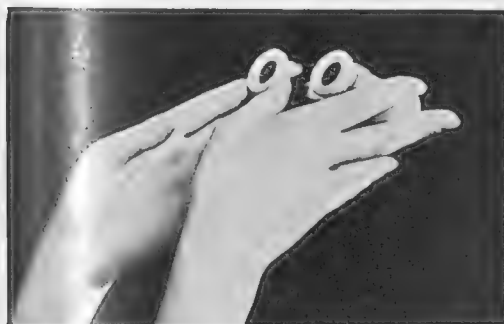
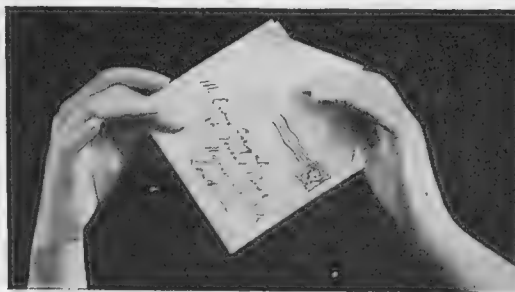
*Light and simple are these summer hats from Florida, 15, Harewood Place. The upper is of stitched taffeta and the lower of hemp straw trimmed with ribbon (See p. ii)*

*Larkspur-blue Shetland tweed has been used by Goodbrook, 8, Hanover Street, W., for this admirably tailored suit. Crêpe de chine ornamented with stitching makes an admirably tailored tuck-in blouse*

(Continued on p. ii)



## FIVE STUDIES OF MISS EVELYN HOPE'S HANDS



## Pond's Two Creams will keep your hands lovely on all occasions

**S**Ocially, lovely hands are a priceless possession—yet how to keep them soft, fine, unwrinkled, and lily white? A problem which our Victorian ancestors answered by keeping them idle.

To-day we should think that an avoidance of the problem rather than a solution. We know life to be far too precious to be allowed to slip away like that. Golf, gardening—a thousand and one amusements of the kind will spring at once to your mind; all very good fun, yet all ruinous to the hands.

Then how—but wait. The experience of Miss Evelyn Hope, whose beautiful, expressive hands you see in the photographs, should be interesting.

*Pond's Cold Cream* is used religiously last thing at night, and first thing in the morning, and occasionally during the day. It sinks into the skin, softening it and smoothing out any lines that may be forming. The dirt which penetrates the pores beyond the reach of soap and water is dissolved and eased to the surface, from which it is removed with *Pond's Cleansing Tissues*, and the skin is left free to develop unhampered by clogged pores. *Pond's Cold Cream* is a perfect skin food, restoring the texture and contours of youth and preventing the skin from becoming dry and harsh.

After removing the cleansing cream, finish with just a touch of *Pond's Vanishing Cream*. It gives the skin a very beautiful, pearly texture, and, used on the face, forms an ideal base for powder. Hands cared for in this way cannot fail to be always at their best.

*Pond's Cold Cream*, Opal Jars, 5/-, 2/6 and 1/3.  
Tubes 2/6, 1/- and 6d.  
*Pond's Cleansing Tissues*, per Box, 2/-, 1/3 and 9d.  
*Pond's Skin Freshener*, per Bottle, 5/6, 3/- and 1/-.  
*Pond's Vanishing Cream*, Opal Jars, 2/6 and 1/3.  
Tubes 1/- and 6d.

# POND'S

## Vanishing and Cold Creams

YOUR HANDS NEED THE CARE  
AND PROTECTION OF TWO CREAMS

## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

the front, and the entire scheme is ornamented with stitching. The length of the coat is of great interest, and so are the slits at the sides; the tuck-in blouse is carried out in tinted washing crêpe de chine stitched with blue silk.

## Smart Simplicity.

It may with justice be said that Goodbrook's motto is smart simplicity; he does so thoroughly understand the art of the tailor-mades; 15 guineas is the cost of a plain coat and skirt; they are so perfectly cut that the most attractive lines of the figure are emphasized, and those that may be regarded as "blemishes" camouflaged. Furthermore there are wrap-coats and coat-frocks, while a very important position is allocated to riding-habits and their accessories.

## Milwata Weatherproofs.

How pleasant it is to be the owner of a Milwata weatherproof, as then, no matter how torrential is the rain, women are able to present a smart appearance to the world. The latest addition to the Milwata group is the distinctive cape illustrated on p. 384; it is carried out in proofed reversible double satin; it is available in black and white as well as in colours; it is known by the name of the Terry. It is just right for wearing at the fashionable races. Neither must it be overlooked that there is the Milwata Tyelock; it is an ideal coat for town or country wear as it gives complete protection in all weathers; there are models for men and women, and so there are of the Point-to-Point; the latter are carried out in light-weight double texture and are arranged with an inverted saddle-flap at the back so that they can be worn when riding astride. These coats are sold practically everywhere, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them application must be made to the maker, H. E. Mills, 18, Wells Street, W., who will gladly send the name and address of the nearest agent.

## Hats that Please,

There is something very attractive about Florida's salons at 15, Harewood Place, W., and the hats, not only do they mirror the latest commands of Fashion but they are becoming. There are an infinite variety of occasions when the stitched taffeta hat on p. 384 may be worn; the brim is adjustable, and of it one may become the possessor for £4 4s. The other hat is of fine hemp straw with a velvet bow at the back, and is 3½ guineas. There is a splendid assortment of other triumphs of the milliner's art from 2½ guineas. There are chiffon day and evening dresses from 8½ guineas and summer ones from 4½ guineas.

## A Splendid Achievement.

Florida is warmly to be congratulated on having created a bust bodice which exercises gentle, nevertheless effective, control of the diaphragm; for evening wear it is carried out in net or lace, and is 27s. 6d., and for day wear in Milanese it is 25s. 6d.; it is impossible to describe the excellent work it performs; it must be studied with care; suffice it to say that it can be adjusted in the fraction of a second.

## Frocks of Lace and Chiffon.

No woman can possibly resist the fascination of the veritable triumph of the

dressmaker's art which finds pictorial expression on this page; it comes from the House of Jay, Regent Street, W. Note the graceful slimming effect that it has on the figure. It is of shadow lace of an exquisite rose-beige nuance (it is also available in black), in both instances the cost is 15 guineas. As the dress is innocent of sleeves it is the very thing for evening wear; when the decorative coatee is added it is an ideal Ascot dress. As will be seen, the scheme is completed with a flower and narrow belt. In these salons there are frocks of washing fabrics for 4½ guineas, and then there are printed crêpe de chine frocks for 8 guineas. Really downright gilt-edge investments are the printed crêpe de chine frocks with long coats of fancy wool crêpe for 18 guineas. They alone are well worth a visit to view. By the way the profusely illustrated catalogue must be carefully studied; it will be sent gratis and post free on application.

## The Art of the Corsetière.

Never has there been a time when the corset has been more important; it is essential that it shall by gentle persuasion guide the figure, there must never be the least hint of compression. Too much cannot be said in favour of the Warner corsets; they are sold practically everywhere, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them, application must be made to Warner Brothers, 16, Portland Place, W., who will gladly send the name and address of their nearest agent. Among the many models suitable for every type of figure is Style F. 317. It is a hook side wrap-around in fine broché with elastic side-panels and thigh-bands; this gives good hip control; it is well boned at the back and over the diaphragm; in waist sizes from 27 in. to 36 in. it is 25s. 6d. Neither must it be overlooked that there are Warner A.P. Uplift Brassières, ranging in prices from 5s. 11d. and 10s. 11d.

## Beach and Bathing Suits.

And this season it will be said that they went down to the sea in wool, for it is of finely-woven wool that the Ribana swimmers are fashioned. It was at Gooch's (Knightsbridge, S.W.) dress parade that they were seen in many attractive guises. These garments are smartly cut in all sizes and fittings and are made in a variety of shades and stripes; they dry quickly and grip the figure with an elastic softness which even when wet is retained. They are created for men, women, and children. And then there are the beach suits, many of them of the pyjama persuasion reinforced with lovely coats. A novelty this season is the straw coat; it is ever so light and very practical.



Picture by Blake

## A FASHIONABLE FROCK

Carried out in rose-beige shadow lace. It is patterned with a short coat and reinforced with narrow belt and flower. At the House of Jay, Regent Street, W.





# MAPPIN & WEBB

London.

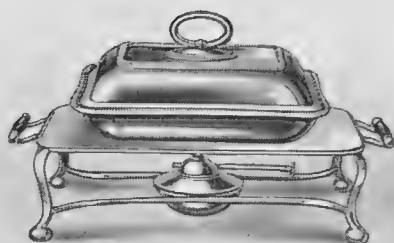
156-162, Oxford St., W.1. 2, Queen Victoria St., E.C.4. 172, Regent St., W.1.

PARIS. ROME. MONTREAL.

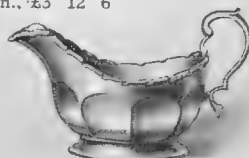
BUENOS AIRES. SAO PAULO. ETC.

## Wedding Gifts

Quality is the only criterion of value, and the ultimate test of quality is in time and use. That is why "Mappin" Gifts are so deservedly popular. Requests are cordially invited for a copy of the new Wedding Gift Catalogue, post free to any address.



26380. Prince's Plate and Aluminium Heating Stand.  
11 in. x 7 in. ... £3 5 0  
15 in. x 9 in. ... 4 0 0  
18 in. x 9 in. ... 4 15 0  
20354. Prince's Plate Entrée Dish  
Length, 10½ in., £3 12 6



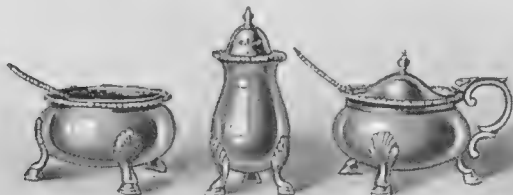
B 5068. Sterling Silver Sauce Boat, with panelled body and mounted edge.  
£2 10 0



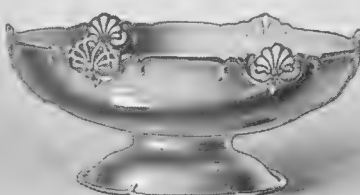
25442. Prince's Plate Cocktail Tray, with 6 Glasses, gilt Cockerels.  
£4 10 0  
With fine English Cut Glasses.  
Prince's Plate ... £5 0 0  
Sterling Silver ... £22 10 0



20490. Cocktail Shaker, with Strainer and Spout.  
Prince's Plate. Sterling Silver.  
1 pint £1 10 0 £7 0 0  
1½ " 2 5 0 7 15 0  
2 " 2 17 6 9 5 0  
3 " 3 15 0 12 15 0



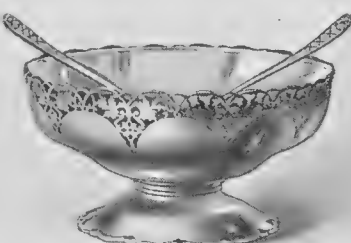
B 4911. Sterling Silver Condiment Set, with Glass Linings, Large size.  
Salt Cellar and Spoon ... £1 10 0  
Mustard Pot and Spoon ... 2 5 0  
Pepper Pot ... 1 5 0



22074. Sterling Silver Dessert Stand. 8 in. diam.  
£5 5 0



25282. Prince's Plate Octagonal Cake Basket, pierced and mounted.  
8 in. diam. £2 12 6



22103. Hand-pierced and Mounted Sterling Silver Fruit Salad Bowl, with Opal Glass Lining.  
8½ in. diam.. £10 10 0  
Sterling Silver Salad Spoon and Fork. £3 5 0



22104. Sterling Silver Tea Service.  
Teapot, 1½ pints. Service complete (3 pieces.) £12 15 0  
21877. Sterling Silver Salver.  
10½ in. diam., £11 5 0 12 in. diam., £16 16 0  
14 in. diam., £23 10 0



C 500. Mahogany Cabinet, containing 4 Table Spoons, 6 Table Forks, 6 Dessert Forks, 6 Dessert Spoons, 6 Soup Spoons, 6 Tea Spoons, 2 Sauce Ladles, 6 Table Knives, 6 Cheese Knives (Stainless Steel Blades and "Tusca" (Regd.) Handles), 1 pr. Meat Carvers (ordinary Steel), 1 Knife Sharpener, 6 prs. Fish Knives and Forks.  
In Prince's Plate, Rat-tail pattern ... £12 15 0  
" " Chelsea (Regd.) pattern 13 10 0  
" " Pembury (Regd.) " 13 15 0

## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

OUTDOOR  
CHIC

There is something that is different about the wraps and suits that are built by Burberrys in the Haymarket. The fount of inspiration of the jumper of the suit on the left (top) is the old-world jerkin; it is carried out in Saxony and so is the cape on the right which is destined to partner it. Two views are given of the oatmeal cloth model with the "wing"-like sleeve-cape and simulated cross-over braces





One of the beautiful new Old Bleach cloths, in white double Damask with a formal flower design

NEW

VOGUE OF

TABLE

DECORATION

## SOCIETY DINES ON DAMASK!

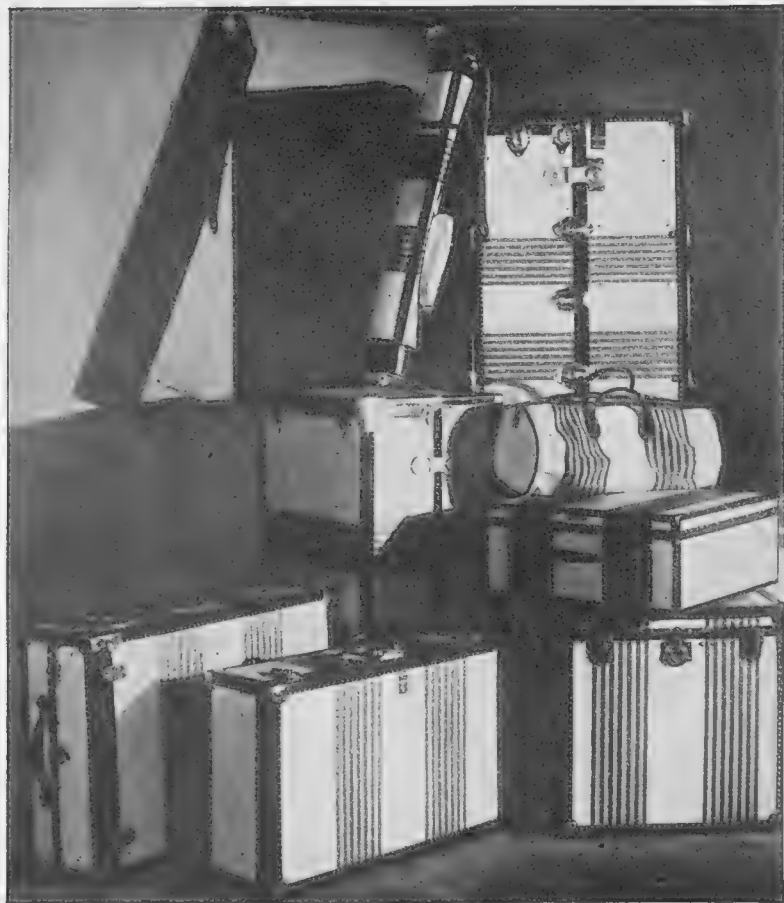
How odd these statements would seem to our grandmothers! 'What else could they dine on?' they would say. But we have lived through the long era of table-mats, have learnt to be content with our lonely little islands on the bare tables. And to us it comes as a welcome surprise to hear that Damask has returned to Mayfair.

In forms, too, lovelier than our grandmothers ever dreamed of. The snowy white cloth is there, for those who think it the loveliest background for fine glass and silver. But modern-minded hostesses are adopting with enthusiasm Damask linen in soft colours to match the dining-room, or sprinkled with exquisite hand-painted posies. There is an excellent handbook on this new form of table decoration published by the Old Bleach Linen Company. In it you will find valuable suggestions for new and beautiful arrangements of your table, and charming coloured illustrations of some of the Old Bleach tinted Damasks. Write to the Old Bleach Linen Company, Randalstown, Northern Ireland, for a copy.

### OLD BLEACH LINEN

*The lovely texture of Old Bleach linen is almost everlasting. It is bleached on the grass by sun and wind in the old, old way that keeps all the suppleness and lustre of the flax. And how satisfactory it is to know that the delicate colours are sunfast and washfast; that they will all come back from the laundry week after week as fresh and lovely as when they were new!*

*Furniture by Curtis Moffatt, Ltd.*



## Facts about a famous trunk

ONCE the "Oshkosh" Chief was just a trunk. But such exceptional service did it render that soon it became almost an institution with experienced travellers

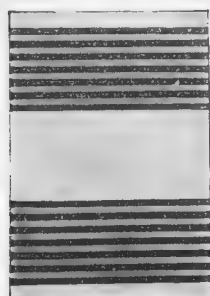
Now the name "Chief" means any product of Oshkosh with the distinctive red and yellow stripes. There are more than fifty styles and sizes; you can equip yourself for everything from an over-night journey to a trip around the world

The name "Chief" also means permanence in style. People who bought "Chiefs" ten years ago can match them to-day. And those who buy "Chiefs" now can do the same thing ten years from now

Finally, the name "Chief" means the best luggage in construction, equipment and appearance that Oshkosh know how to make

*Sold at Harrods, John Pounds, Selfridges, The Revelation Suit Case Company, Austin Reed of Regent Street, Aquasol and other well-known West End shops. Also Forsyth's in Glasgow. If you have any difficulty in obtaining Oshkosh Trunks, write to Oshkosh, Kingsway House, Kingsway, London. Telephone Holborn 7082 (interesting booklet sent on request)*

## OSHKOSH TRUNKS



### HOW TO RECOGNISE AN OSHKOSH "CHIEF"

Superficially, you can tell a "Chief" by these red-and-yellow stripes woven into the duck which covers it. But, more certainly, by the long years of never-failing service it renders. This is its most distinguishing characteristic—and the most difficult to imitate

Oshkosh Trunks can also be had in the less expensive fibre covering. The Oshkosh trade-mark identifies them

## Pictures in the Fire—continued

all these things still green in the memory of many? They were hectic times, and as things change but little in this world, I am fully persuaded that other Destroying Angels like Blanche, and her trade rivals, Belphebe and that dark one Claire, whose eyes were deeper than any lead-line could ever fathom, are carrying on this attaché-snatching business just as their fore-runners used to do. Mr. Gandhi's weight-reducing act—and he not even a gentleman rider or a jockey—cannot make much difference. The East never changes—and I have also noticed that the same thing applies more or less to the West.

At this season in the year in India's pine-clad hills usually they are just emerging from that period during which they have been on "darling," "dearest," and pet-name terms, and are even kind to the poor creature who has volunteered to produce and stage-manage that intriguing problem play, *The Hot Dog, or Lady Blundermere's Walk-Out*. This is the point at which diplomatic relations usually commence to get a bit strained, and in my time it was certain to happen at about the fourth rehearsal. It was then that the heavy female lead, Mrs. Rivington-Davies, would say to Mrs. D'Aeth Raye (whom the chaps used to call "Tabasco Maggie"):

"Darling, when you say that speech—'once a mongrel always a dirty dog'—you should shrug one shoulder and slightly turn away from Flash Alf; and don't you think you should put the accent on the 'once' and the 'always' and not say 'once a mongrel always a dirtie dog'?"

And Mrs. D'Aeth Raye would counter-attack at once and say:

"Oh, noah, my dear Mrs. Davies, I think I say it all right, I do not speak as if I had hiccups like that."

And the heavy female lead would retort:

"You see, *dearest*, I saw it in town and you don't often go home, at least to *England*, do you?"

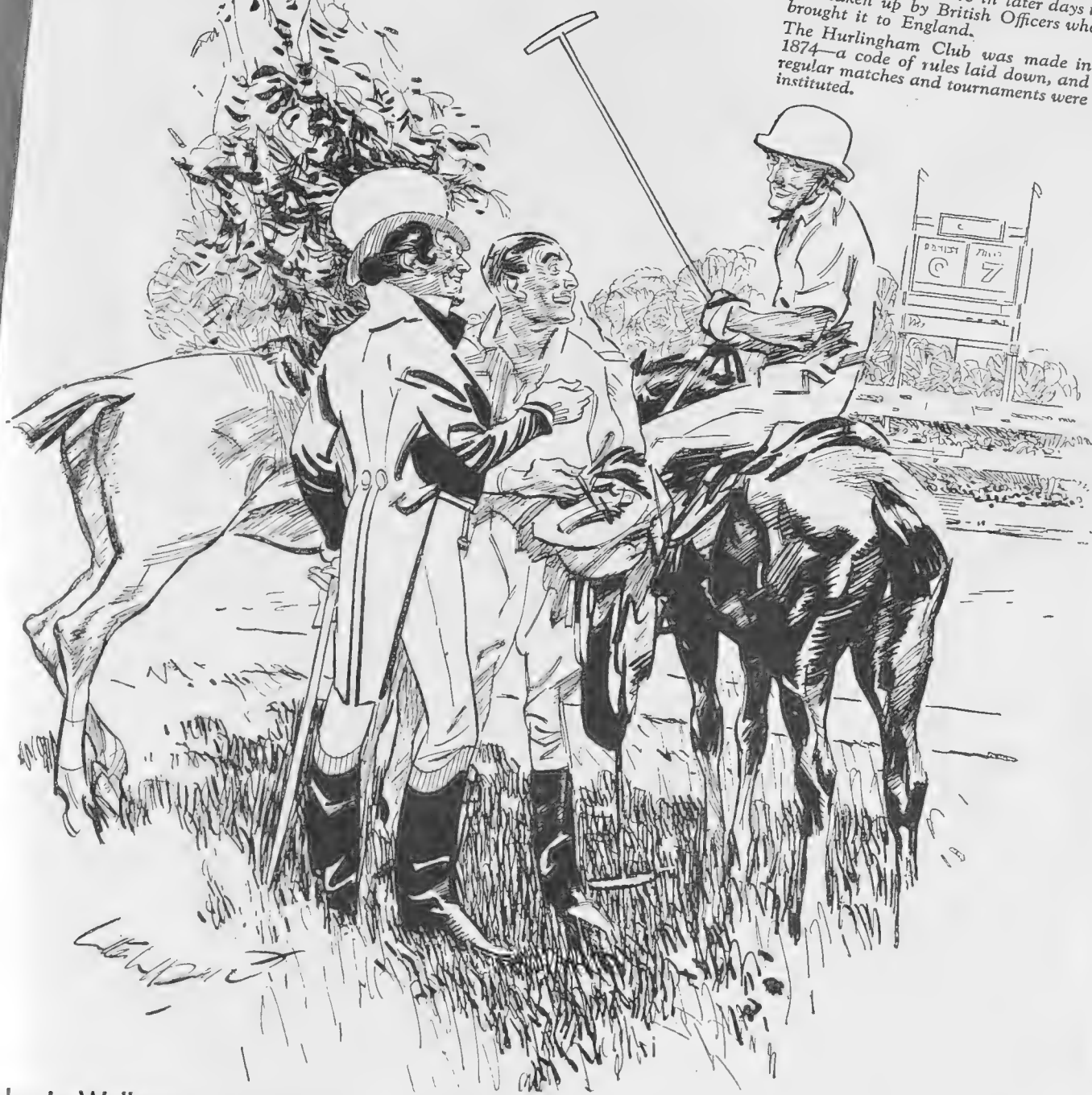
After this frontier skirmish war breaks out and both of them go for the wretched producer, and the heavy female lead says when she makes him walk home beneath the stars alongside her rickshaw: "It is either that woman or me—and you can take your choice! Eight annas in a ticca gharry would take *her* home! You know who she *was*, of course? Miss de Souza, and if her husband were not in Algernon's department and we are compelled in our official position to recognize them, we . . ." and so forth. And when Tabasco Maggie gets hold of the poor producer, she says: "You think I do not know why you listen to that old weetch. You tell her she is too fat for the part or I'll tell her husband what I know as plainly as possible, and she can go to Jehannum and get out of the play, the jealous old pie dog!" Then, of course, they both throw up their parts and some masterful person like Belphebe waltzes in and tells the producer that he must have been batty to have either of them in the show, and that she and Claire are going to play the two leads and that Captain Bridoon and Captain Throatlash, who are coming up on language leave to read for the Higher Standard, Urdu and Persian, will supplant Mr. Buckteeth as the hero and Mr. Barley Water as the villain, and that in the meanwhile he had better try to find someone else to play the butler (a fat part the producer had reserved for himself). And so it will go on till probably the Pink Pussy, who had been cast for the maid and is supposed to be perfectly harmless, is nightly escorted home by both Captain Bridoon and Captain Throatlash, hitherto the best of pals but now deeply infected with homicidal mania. It is thus that the merry fun used to go on till either Belphebe or Claire or the Pink Pussy said that they were off down the hill to the Pasteur Institute at Kasauli to get cured of cat-bite!

And in spite of all these and other volcanic eruptions, life used to jog along just the same as ever, and I suppose it will do so again. The other ructions were not materially affected, not even the ones which were started by He hacking up the Long Road from the Annandale Polo Ground *avec* race-course, when he told her that She was the only one who had ever pierced his battered heart. And the trees, as they sang their own love songs *bouche fermée*, and the great hills humming the refrain as they settled down to sleep, said "You liar!"

Propos other and more serious matters in Hindustan. It is amazing that a big military station like Peshawar should have had to be "re-occupied" by British troops. This, of course, must refer to the native city; but with large forces to hand it is incomprehensible that a non-organized mob, badly armed as it must be, should have been permitted to rule the roast for even half an hour. One might as soon expect to hear of Pindi, the Aldershot of India, being "occupied" by the rebels. To me, and no doubt to others, this "occupation" of Peshawar sounds farcical. That it was ever necessary for such a situation to have arisen is quite unbelievable. The only possible explanation of why the gentry from across the frontier did not raid is that they knew that it would have been asking for trouble to attack one of the strongest places on the N.W. Frontier. The frontier tribesman has no love for the Hindu, and holds him, in his own way of expressing it, at about the "same value as a hen." If the tribes had been certain that there was good chance of loot they would have made a raid at once. The fact that they did not do so I regard as extremely hopeful.



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 Polo is one of the most ancient games in the world. Cradled in Persia, it was taken up by British Officers who brought it to England. The Hurlingham Club was made in 1874—a code of rules laid down, and regular matches and tournaments were instituted.



Johnnie Walker :

This game is much enjoyed in  
the East.

Polo Players :

So are you—and the world  
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Born 1820—Still going Strong

## Weddings and

### Next Month.

On June 12 Mr. Thomas Dunlop Findlay and Miss Nancy Newbigging are being married quietly at the Cathedral Church of St. Mary, Edinburgh; on the same day Captain Colin Douglas Robertson marries Miss Margaret Vera Kell, and the marriage is to be at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge; Mr. Hubert Howard and Miss Moira Magee have chosen June 2 as the date of

their marriage at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street; Mr. Eric Forster Robson and Miss Sybil Plaistowe are being married in Paris, at St. George's Church, 7, Rue Auguste Vacquerie, on June 26.

### Marrying Abroad.

Mr. Francis Lutyens, M.C., and Miss Mollie Crawford are being married on June 7 at St. Andrew's Church, Darjeeling; on June 18 there is the marriage between Mr. Luke Renton of Moolfontein, Komgha, South Africa, and Miss Francis (Nan) Reynolds, the daughter of Mr.



MISS C. PAMELA CLARKE

The eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Clarke of 20, Gloucester Place, whose engagement was announced this month to Lieutenant D. B. Shaw, R.N. (retired)



MISS RACHEL HAMILTON-RUSSELL

Whose marriage to Mr. Malcolm MacGregor will take place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on June 14, is the daughter of the Hon. Mrs. E. S. Hamilton-Russell

## Engagements

and the late Mrs. Reynolds of Malvern, Komgha, South Africa, which takes place in Komgha.

### Recently Engaged.

Mr. Philip Rutland Graves, L.R.C.P., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Graves of Ryecotes, Cheam, Surrey, and Miss Audrey Kathleen Comer, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Comer of The Quest, Cheam, Surrey; Lieut. John Francis Whitaker Maitland, R.N., of Loughton Hall, Essex, only son of the late Mr. William Whitaker Maitland, C.V.O., O.B.E., and of Mrs. Whitaker Maitland, and Miss Bridger Denny, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. M. Denny of Staplefield Place, Sussex; Mr. Ian Faed, fourth son of Mr. and Mrs. Faed of Quarry Farm, Longueville, Jersey, C.I., and Miss Margesson, the only daughter of Captain Margesson, C.B., R.N., and Mrs. Margesson of Mac-hiti, Trelawney, S. Rhodesia.



MISS JOYCE SHILLINGTON SCALES

Who is marrying Commander Dermot Cather in July, is the younger daughter of the late Dr. F. Shillington Scales and Mrs. Shillington Scales of Cambridge



BY APPOINTMENT

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Two interesting books, "The Art of René Lalique" and "Lalique Lights," with illustrations of over a hundred examples, will be sent post free for 1s. 6d.

## Secret Service in Red Russia

—continued

But the winds of fortune cannot always blow contrary. For a month ill-luck had persistently dogged my every effort to escape. Here at this supreme moment I was to slip through its fingers.

By some extraordinary oversight, possibly due to the other half of our compartment having been turned into a place of detention, our half-compartment was the only one on the whole train left unsearched!

The train moved on, and when we reached our station we got out as in a dream.

There was still far to go. Another train was to carry us to the front. We managed to fix ourselves in the last van along, and jumped off the train while it was passing through a deep forest. We lay still in the ditch till the train had vanished, and then ran into the thick brushwood.

This was the district our younger companion knew. He led us to a remote peasant's cottage, where we rested. Next day the peasant drove us to a spot about two miles from Lake Luban on the borders of Latvia.

This was another danger point. The land near the lake was marked on the map "impassable bog," but there is one road leading to a fishing village on the Russian side. The fishing village was a Red outpost. The road to it was quite exposed but we could not avoid taking it. There was nothing for it but to belt this long stretch as fast as our legs would carry us.

No sooner were we hidden again in the trees and bushes close to the village than half-a-dozen mounted soldiers galloped along the road we had just traversed.

Our young companion went off to look for a boat and disappeared for several hours, to our anxiety. Peter and I sat in the bushes and waited. It was Peter's turn to tremble. In the train, with the knowledge that my two friends would surely be shot on my account, it had been I who scarcely bore the suspense. But here in the weeds, when our companion for long hours failed to return, Peter all but broke down.

At last our missing number reappeared, pushing his way through the bushes. He had tried to find a boat, but no fisherman would let him have one. The windmill in the village had machine guns placed in it, and the Reds fired at every boat they saw.

We should have to walk.

The lake was sixteen miles long by eight or ten across, and was bordered almost its whole length on the Russian side by bog. To walk far in the sand dunes and pinewoods back of the bog was out of the question on account of the barbed wire. The bog was the only route. When it was almost dark we picked our way through the woods, giving the village a wide berth, and descended to the boggy shores of the lake.

Impassable bog with a vengeance! In three hours we were all done in. But luck's tide had turned. We had escaped search in the train, jumped safely from the luggage van, escaped the Red cavalry, and now we found a boat in the rushes.

It was not much of a boat, and it leaked badly, but with one man baling all the time with his cap it kept afloat. So with a broken oar, supplemented by branches, we punted our way in the darkness across the lake to the Latvian shore.

But our troubles were not yet over. No war is so embittered as civil war. The Latvians, a healthy, independent people, dreaded the poison of Bolshevism. The Latvian patrols handled us roughly, seized our arms and our papers, and arrested us as Red spies.

They threatened us with instant shooting—they didn't want to be bothered with trials they said. But I had addressed my package of papers to the British Consul at Riga, and succeeded in persuading the captain of the guard that dire consequences would follow any attempt to tamper with this confidential communication.

He agreed finally to send us to Riga under escort, and deliver us up to the British Consul. If the latter rejected us we were to be handed over to the Latvian authorities to be shot. Two days later we arrived at Riga, and I think the escort must have been very surprised at our reception.

Afterwards I wondered if they ever got into trouble for insubordination, for we sent them back as drunk as unlimited quantities of good Scotch could make them.

There was no more Bolshevism in any country proximate to Red Russia. But I found when I got back that there was plenty in England.

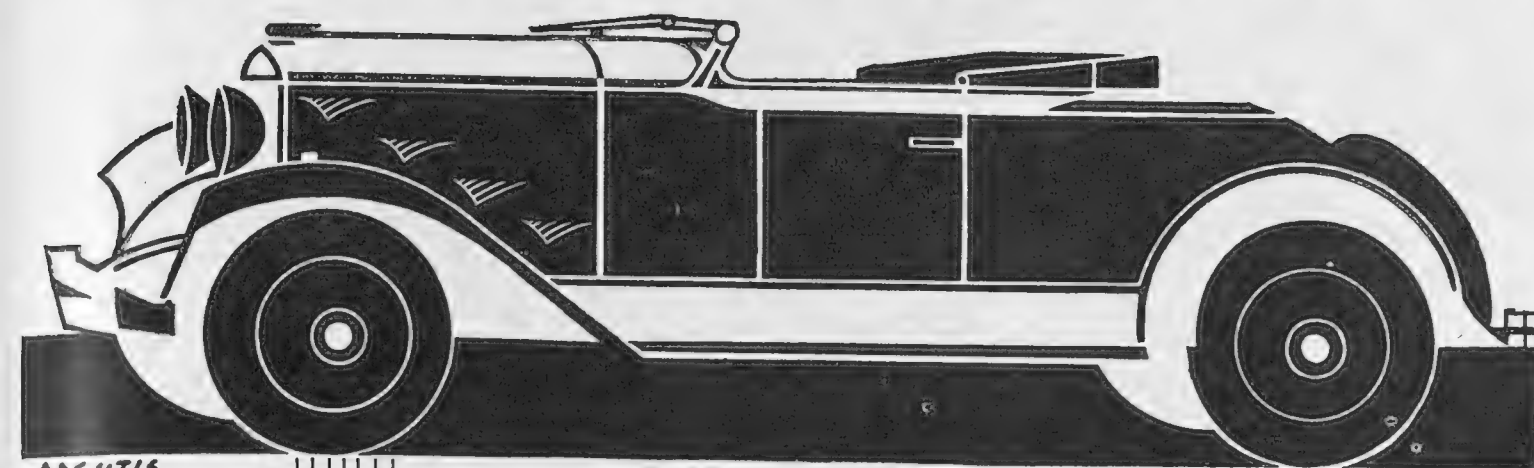
I was invited to a conference of a committee of foreign affairs of the Labour Party. I related the case of two Russian workmen who were shot by the Bolsheviks because they ventured to say at a public meeting that in their opinion England had a better form of Parliament than the Red Soviets.

There was a moment's silence. Then the gentleman sitting next to me exclaimed: "Serve 'em right!" and several of the others laughed.

(CONCLUSION.)



# CHRYSLER SAYS



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# THE CALL OF SMILING SOMERSET

## Somerset Way.

A county of infinite variety and of infinite charm is Somerset, and as it is served by the Great Western Railway Company in conjunction with the Bristol Tramways Company, is ideal for the holidays, as all the beauty spots may be visited with comfort and for a moderate outlay. There is so much to be explored. Take for instance Weston-super-Mare, lying on the shores of the Bristol Channel; it is open to the invigorating breezes of the Atlantic, nevertheless it has lovely woods; a slight idea of their fascination may be gleaned from the illustration on this page. Its air is like wine, and amusements to suit every taste are there. The Winter Garden is one of the finest in England.



Wells Cathedral with moat and the famous swans

## Minehead.

Minehead is the home of the wild red deer and the country dedicated to Lorna Doone. Stag hunting begins in August and ends in October, after which the hinds are hunted. Among the packs that meet in the neighbourhood are the Devon and Somerset Stag hounds, the West Somerset and Exmoor packs of foxhounds, also the Quarme Harriers.



A beauty spot at Weston-super-Mare

## The Cheddar Gorge and Caves.

No one must ever go to Somerset without visiting Cheddar, with its unique gorge and caves. The former divides the Mendip Hills, while the latter are probably the most famous in the world; they are brilliantly lighted by electricity. Neither must the Wookey Hole Caves



A view of Minehead Harbour

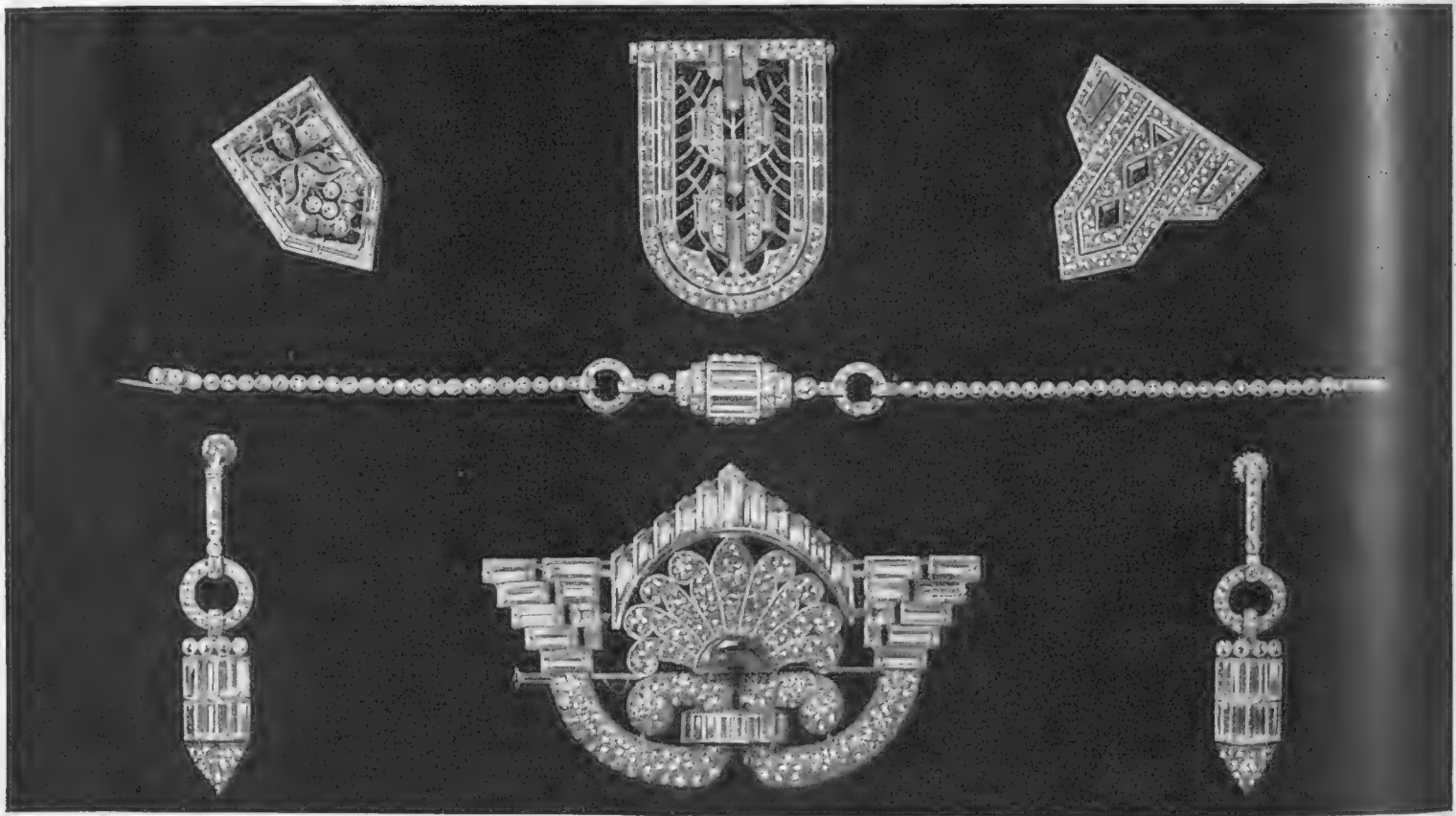
be overlooked, as it is possible to walk through the three great chambers of caves, following the Axe to its birthplace.

## Places of Historical Interest.

Among the many places of historical interest in Somerset are Wells and Glastonbury. Wells has its Cathedral and its moat, with the swans that ring the bell for their meals,

## An Important Spa.

Bath has throughout the ages been a shrine where rheumatic and other sufferers have found health and healing. To-day there is mixed bathing and the large swimming baths are supplied with water from the thermal springs. The Royal Swimming Bath has just been entirely redecorated.



For sparkle and beauty and originality of thought and design, our artificial jewellery is by far the most interesting in London. Here we illustrate a few of our newest hat clips and a dainty little bracelet in baguette and paste. The open design baguette and paste brooch in the centre is particularly fine and either side of it are earrings to match. But you should come and see the whole of our magnificent display—it is well worth a visit. Hat clips from 45/- each

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# Knight's Castile

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(U.K. only)

## PURE TOILET SOAP

Only the best is good enough for your face. Only the finest and purest ingredients are used in Knight's Castile—the soap that really helps the complexion.

LAVENDER (*Red Band*)

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"THE SKETCH" says:—  
"Eternally youthful in contour and complexion is the woman who uses the Ganesh Beauty Preparations of Eleanor Adair."



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Famous all over the world for originality of ideas in scientific knowledge, Eleanor Adair now presents a marvellous cure for tired eyes, and one in which she alone specializes.

In this treatment the muscles of the eyes are toned and strengthened by soothing massage. Hot bandalettes which contain fine herbs gathered from the East are applied; while these are still moist with special lotion, a new process is applied which penetrates and stimulates with magic healing effect. Expert assistants for this "Special Treatment" are now in daily attendance at 30, Old Bond Street.

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There is no other preparation like this wonderful Muscle Oil to strengthen the exhausted tissues, round out furrowed cheeks, smooth and invigorate sagging muscles of the face and neck. 5/6, 10/6, 21/6

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Nourishes the skin, keeps it soft and supple. A tissue builder specially prepared for dry and tender skins. 2/6 and 6/6

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A little time spent each day on the Adair Home Treatment will do wonders to promote a beautiful healthy skin, clear unlined eyes and youthful contours.

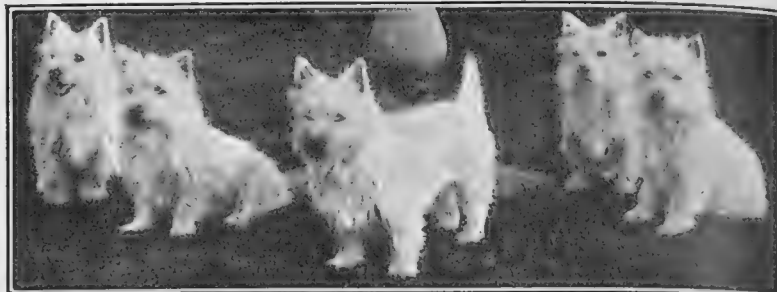
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## Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

By the time these notes appear our Open Show will be over; anything in connection with it must appear in the next issue. Our attention has lately been turned to our Association, and it is profitable for a minute to consider the remark one occasionally hears, "What good is the L.K.A.?" This remark shows how little people reflect. To begin with, there are the tangible advantages; quiet rooms at shows, reduced entry fees at our Open Show, and



WEST HIGHLAND TERRIERS  
The property of the Hon. S. Hood

Ralph Robinson

the great advantage of having your kennel noticed in THE TATLER, are some of these. But also the L.K.A. represents women fanciers, and women fanciers are the largest section of the dog showing community. Under the present rules of the Kennel Club women are not allowed to sit on its committees (with the exception of the Field Trial Council, of which Lady Howe is a member), so that if it were not for the L.K.A. women, as a body, would be entirely unrepresented. The high position of the L.K.A. and the respect it inspires make it a most

powerful body whose opinion carries weight. Women fanciers who are not members benefit by this, but all should join for their own benefit. It is well known that a body has more power and influence than isolated individuals however numerous and important, and it is a good thing for women fanciers that they have a body of the status of the L.K.A. to represent them.



WINNING POODLES

The property of Miss Jane Lane

Ralph Robinson

have also done remarkably well on the bench. Miss Lewis usually has some Irish setters for sale, both winners, adults and puppies. She has a particularly good litter for sale at present. She is always pleased to show anyone her dogs.

Poodles are always attractive dogs, they have a human intelligence, and can be taught anything as is well known, as all troupes of performing dogs contain poodles and their relatives. Miss Lane has rapidly come to the top in them. She sends a photograph of two; the white one, Nunsoe Nickolas Christopher Robin, is a gentleman of very high degree, as he is a direct descendant, through his mother, of the late Emperor of Austria's famous stud of white poodles. He has done very well at recent shows. The black lady is a daughter of Miss Lane's famous Aunt Chloe, and is following in her mother's footsteps. There is a lovely litter now of which Miss Lane is very proud; it has taken her three years to get what she wanted. She finds the demand for poodles very good.



WIZBANG FIDELITY

The property of Miss Lewis

Ralph Robinson

Miss Hood has a very good and select kennel of West Highlanders near Chichester, and is well known at south country shows. She sends a photograph of some of her stud dogs. Jan (on the right) has done a lot of winning, including three firsts at the National Terrier Show and a first at Bath. Colin (on the left) is also a winner.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



# 'GREYS' EULOGY

[Written in a London clubroom]



## STANZA IV

The boast of gilded tip, the carton's pride,

And all those posters, all those shop displays,

Alike th' inevitable end abide;

The path of value leads but to the 'Greys.'



# GREYS

FINE CIGARETTES

*Made from pedigree leaf*

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# Well..... it is making people "paint-minded"

so to speak



It's surprising the way people take notice of paint work once they've had a job done with Gloss Combinol themselves. They begin to compare. It sets up what you might call a standard. You might take it for enamel the way it gleams. Smooth as a tile. And only the man who does the job knows how easy it is to apply. As for wearing, the makers have got a name for paints that last. For inside or outside I'd choose it for its durability alone, apart from its beauty.

Send a post card now for free tint card of Combinol's beautiful colours. If you wish we will send you the name of your nearest decorator who regularly uses Combinol; he will gladly tell you about its exceptional features and also about a beautiful Flat Combinol if you prefer this kind of finish.

GOODLASS WALL & CO., LTD.,  
LIVERPOOL.



## Polo Notes—continued

His only fixed point so far is his No. 2, Captain C. T. I. Roark, and none of these trials so far have given him enough information as to how to build up round him. There is also Mr. Gerald Balding, who has shown such good form here the few times we have had a chance to see him. Mr. Gerald Balding was the No. 2 in front of Captain Roark in that "Ireland" team which gave a strong Meadowbrook side such an unmerciful hammering, 18 to 3, on September 8 last year in America. It seems necessary that Captain Roark should remain in the No. 2 position by reason of the fact that America's No. 3 is the redoubtable Mr. Tommy Hitchcock, and if Mr. Balding is brought in he would have to be put in No. 3, which means that Captain Tremayne, who is playing quite above his own best, would have to drop himself. The team which America fears, according to a quite recent advice sent to me from the other side, is George (1), Roark (2), Balding (3), Atkinson (back). My informant says that they pick Major Atkinson because even the fiercest American rush in that second match in 1927 failed to upset him. They rate him a more formidable opponent than Mr. L. L. Lacey, who made such a valiant attempt to save the desperate situation in 1924 and tried to do the work of four men. This of course very rarely pays however well-meant.

\* \* \*

In continuation of a little list of the provisional team given in last week's notes for the benefit of those who may not be as familiar with things as "all that," I will now run over our reserves or other the members of the "camp." The following players are those who are being tried and who are our first reserve: Captain R. George, Major E. G. Atkinson, Mr. Gerald Balding, Mr. Aidan Roark, Colonel T. P. Melvill, and Captain J. F. Sanderson. Here is a list with short "characters" attached in the same way as was done with the provisional team:—

*Captain R. George (Central India Horse, No. 1).—*International No. 1 for Army in India team in the second match in America in 1927, and a brilliant success in partnership with the late Major Denning. He is considered by the American critics our automatic No. 1, and I should think will prove this very quickly during these trial matches. Captain George, Major Atkinson, Colonel T. P. Melvill, and Major Rex Benson were banded together as a team called "The Cavaliers" for the London season—a title they have played under in India—but I think as soon as anyone is definitely selected for the International team he should be kept to that and play for no other. Captain George has now dropped out of this and Captain Sanderson has gone in.

*Major E. G. Atkinson (15th Lancers, I.A.).—*Twice International back for England v. America, 1924 and 1927, and upon each occasion honourably mentioned. He would seem to possess superior claims to Mr. H. P. Guinness. Major Atkinson, like Captain George, is a long, strong hitter, the only type of shot of any use at all against the Americans, and both have been trained in fast polo, as opposed to the slow game on the English grounds. The American critics believe that we have two backs of International class in Major Atkinson and Mr. Aidan Roark.

*Colonel T. P. Melvill.—*The famous 17th and 17th/21st Lancers No. 1 and International No. 1 in the second of the 1924 matches. Colonel Melvill during the time he has been at A.H.Q. in India has played a lot of polo, and so has not "gone out of the game" as someone said he had. He will be a most useful unit of any team put in the field to try the eventually selected International team. A very fast and brilliant No. 1 but a very light weight.

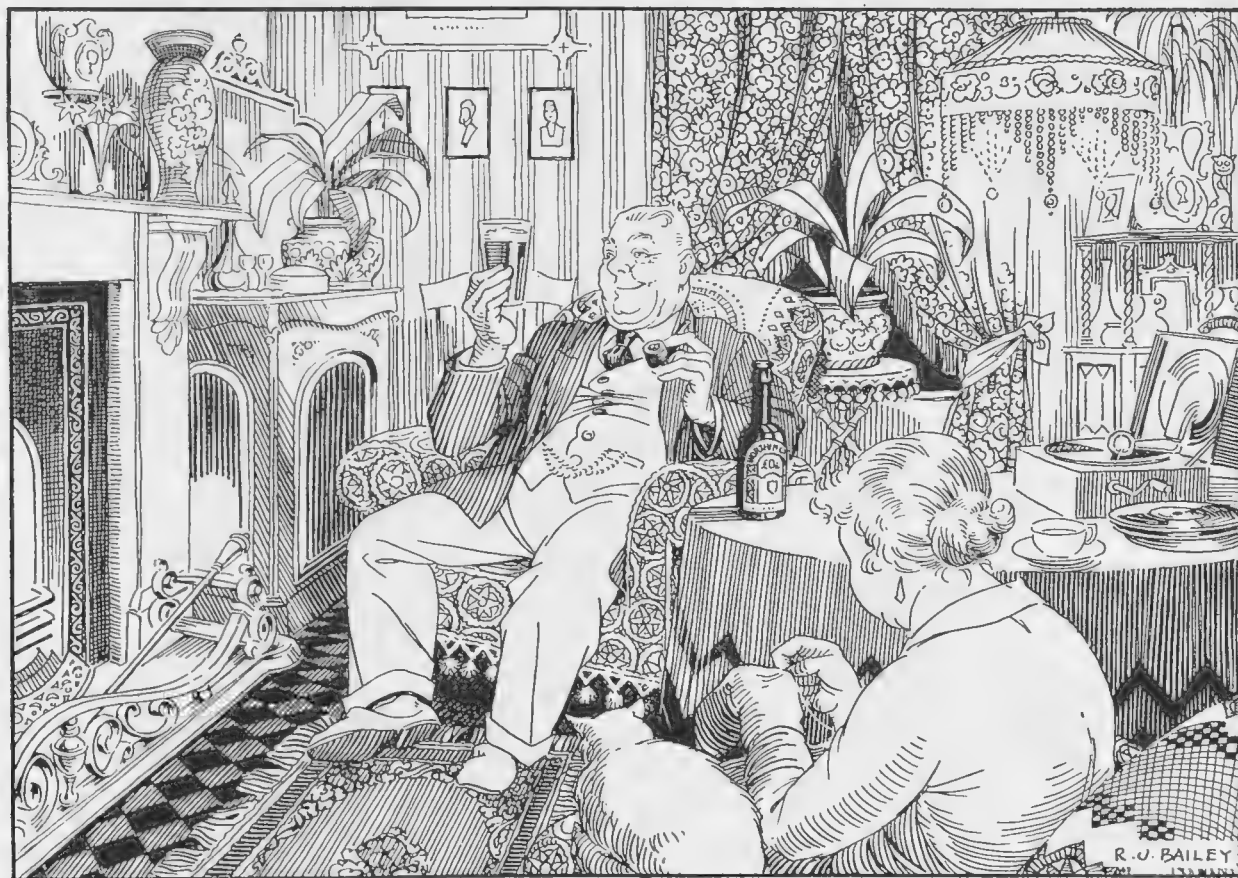
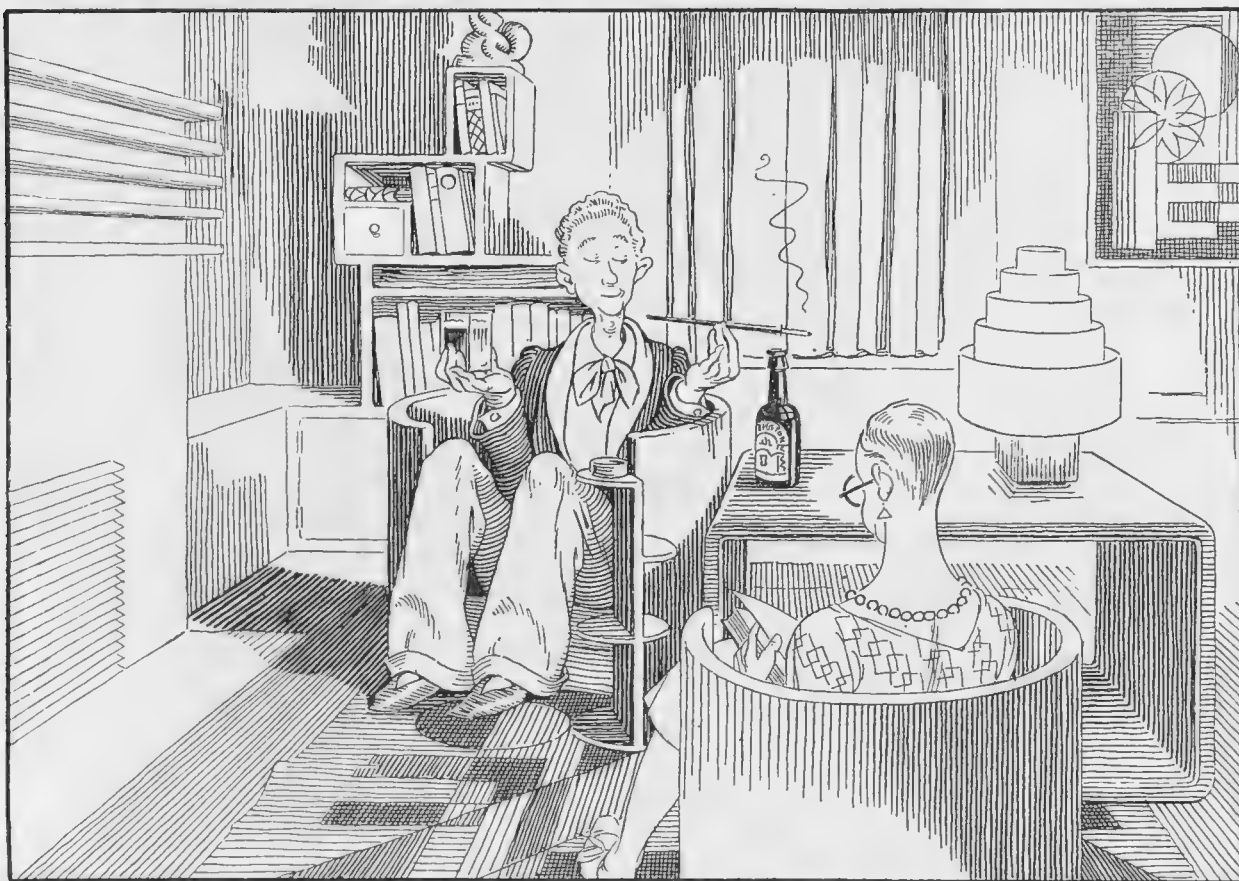
*Captain J. F. Sanderson (4th/7th D.G.'s).—*A surprise selection in view of the fact that he has not hitherto figured in either English or American "test" polo, but he is obviously very useful, as we saw at the Beaufort Club the other day. He was very effective at times even though riding strange ponies some of which did not suit him particularly well.

*Mr. Aidan Roark.—*Captain C. T. I. Roark's younger brother and resident in America for some time past; played brilliantly during last American Open at Meadowbrook, and was the back in the Ireland team which beat a strong Meadowbrook side 18 to 3 in September, 1929. The Meadowbrook team was Mr. S. Sanford, Mr. J. Watson-Webb, Mr. J. C. Cowdin, and Mr. R. E. Strawbridge, jun. Mr. Watson-Webb and Mr. R. E. Strawbridge, jun., are ex-Internationals, latter v. The Argentine. The Americans say that Aidan Roark and Gerald Balding are two of a ready-made International team we have in America.

*Mr. Gerald Balding.—*One of the famous polo and steeplechasing family. Is in employment in America, where he has played a lot of polo, and like Aidan Roark, was seen to great advantage in the American Open last autumn, and he also was in the Ireland team which so decisively knocked out that Meadowbrook team just mentioned in connection with Mr. Aidan Roark. The Ireland team was: Mr. Cecil Balding (1), Mr. Gerald Balding (2), Captain C. T. I. Roark (3), and Mr. Aidan Roark (back). The American critics have been very enthusiastic about Mr. Gerald Balding, and we saw at the Beaufort Club that they were quite justified. He is a very good performer indeed.



## Play Titles bottled by Worthington



## SYMPHONY IN TWO FLATS

## Air Eddies : By OLIVER STEWART

### The Seasonal Urge.

FOREIGNERS are astonished at the seasonal capacity of the average Englishman to cast care aside and lean on his cricket bat. Now that the sunlight is beginning to make unexpected calls at the office, business is neglected and politics—European, Egyptian, and Indian—have to be content with a similar fate, for what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the Gandhi. Political Trotsky and jetsam must now make way for a cricket bat, a set of stumps and "thou," thou being in this case a long hop on the off stump. Nor is it to be forgotten that the aeroplane is an outdoor instrument, a mechanized cricket bat which comes into its own when the bandying of Gandhi begins to pall, that salt having lost its savour, and even the pugnacity of the OGPU fails to interest (a young woman said that she thought OGPU was the name of a new kind of gollywog). It is at such moments that the aeroplane provides the necessary means of escape. It is the countryside's as well as the country club's chief ally. So far the country clubs do not seem to have fully appreciated the extent to which the aeroplane could increase their popularity. Parnham, however, has shown the way by its air rally the other day.

Those of the party who flew down to Beaminster from London took about an hour and a half, whereas the journey by rail takes four or five hours, for the

distance to this particular part of Dorset is about 140 miles. A week-end in such beautiful surroundings as Parnham supplies becomes practical when the total time taken for travelling can be reduced from eight or nine hours to three or four. Parnham has its own landing-ground, but I do not know of any other country club that has. If they are wise they will establish private landing-grounds as quickly as possible. Sir Sefton Brancker was among the party that went to Parnham, and the excellent programme of flying was helped along by Mr. Symondson and Mr. Rose among many others.

### Air League's Birthday.

The Air League's birthday celebration at the May Fair Hotel was curious in that it brought together many people who are rarely seen at the other aeronautical events. Sir Samuel Hoare said that the Air League should press for parity in air defences with the other Great Powers and a more vigorous civil aviation. His competence as a speaker enabled him to make these points very strongly. The Duchess of Bedford was present with Captain C. D. Barnard and Mr. Little, and she suggested that a message of congratulation should be sent to Miss Amy Johnson, who was then flying well on the first part of her flight to Australia. Sir Alan Anderson had the message sent off there and then. The dance which followed the dinner was warming up in a most promising way at the time I had to leave.

There was another aerial gathering at the Brooklands  
(Continued on p. 22)



SOME CINQUE PORTS AERO CLUB MEMBERS

A group taken at the aerodrome last week, including, left to right: Mr. W. H. Evenden, Lieut.-Commander Gubbins, R.N., Mr. L. T. H. Cliff, Mr. Maurice Braddell, Captain L. A. R. Braddell, Mr. H. K. Waller, Mr. K. K. Brown, the club instructor, Lieutenant Bouchier, Mr. P. Marriage, and Mr. J. Searle

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# Daimler

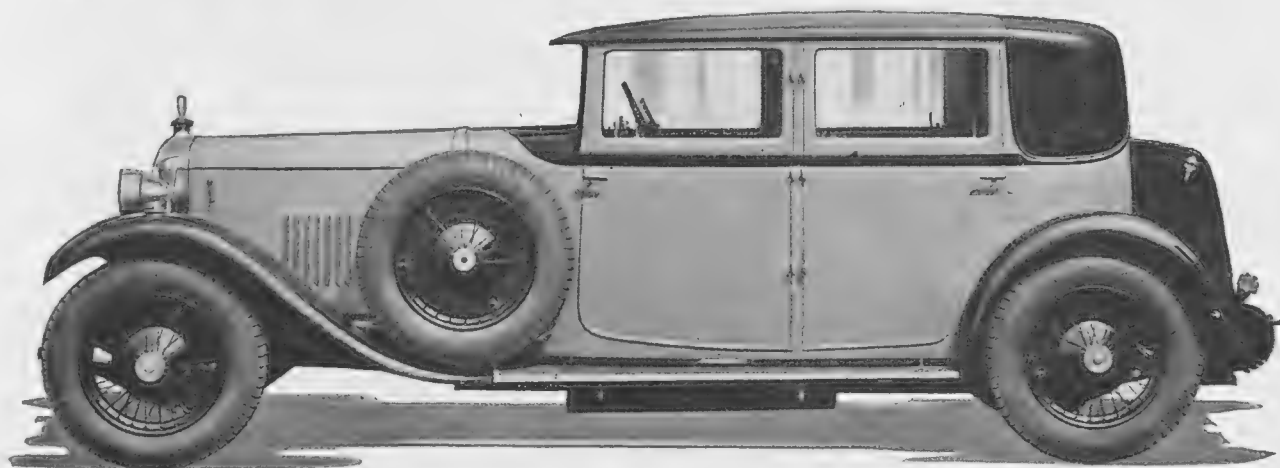


## *The Daimler "Double-Six"*

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The Daimler "Double-Six" is the ideal engine for the high-powered luxury car.

"I had travelled down by train from Charing Cross, and I was far more jolted and shaken in the first-class carriage on that journey than when speeding along in this Double-Six Daimler at 50 miles an hour on the road. In fact, the car ran so smoothly at all speeds that the passengers were not shaken or jarred at all. Travelling by cars such as this multi-cylinder Daimler saves time, as this mode of transport is actually faster than the train from door to door."—*Illustrated London News*.



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THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD AND SIR ALAN ANDERSON

At the Air League Birthday Dinner after her recent marvellous flight to the Cape and back. Anyone who may have listened to the Duchess of Bedford's simple recital of the story of that achievement will not have found it difficult to fill in the detail for himself. The Duchess gave all the credit to her pilot and navigator

draw on all its existing Automobile Racing Club members, and in addition it can offer both motoring and flying attractions.

#### Miss Amy Johnson.

At the time when these notes have to go to press Miss Amy Johnson has reached Rangoon. Already she has performed a notable feat in reaching India in so short a time (hers is the fastest solo flight to Karachi), and if she succeeds in beating Hinkler's record to Australia she will have performed what I believe will rank as the finest flying feat accomplished by a woman. It is true that the aerodromes are now better organized than they were when Hinkler set out; but the difficulties of maintaining a high average speed over the whole route are still great. Miss Johnson deserves the highest praise for a particularly gallant attempt.

## Air Eddies

—continued

Double Twelve motor race. At one time there were more than twenty aeroplanes on the aerodrome, and people had flown down from all parts to see the race. In the paddock the Moth which the Brooklands Club proposes to use was on view. Brooklands is in an ideal position for obtaining members for its aero club because it can

### Flat Spins.

I know of many different kinds of flat spin; but I now refer not to the flat spin alcoholic or the flat spin officious, but to the flat spin proper. It is a manœuvre that used to be spoken of a great deal before the war, and during the war, but people who claimed to have seen a flat spin were few, and the technical experts were inclined to cast doubts upon the possibility of such a manœuvre. They likened it to a kind of aeronautical sea serpent. Certainly no pilot claimed to be able to put his machine into a flat spin deliberately and to extricate it again. But now a French pilot, according to the French technical papers, has given a demonstration of flat spinning before an audience at an aerodrome near Paris. And Professor Southwell has drawn attention to the lack of knowledge about flat spins in a paper he read the other day before the Institute of Civil Engineers. Pilots experienced in the latest aerobatics tell me that they know of no modern Service machine which can be flat spun intentionally, though two single-seater fighters used in the R.A.F. have been known to flat spin unintentionally after spinning in the ordinary way. It seems from the existing evidence that flat spinning is the result of improper proportioning of fore and aft keel surface. At any rate it seems unlikely that any of the light aeroplanes on the market could get into a flat spin. The only kind which might require watching during an ordinary spin would be those with large enclosed cabins forward and very small fins and rudders. In spite of the frequent indications of the importance of large fins and rudders, there is still a tendency on the part of some of the less experienced manufacturers to give too little surface here. The Air Ministry has put the problems of the flat spin in the forefront of its research programme.



MISS MOLLY OLNEY

The first lady member of the Northants Aero Club to get her pilot's certificate, Miss Olney is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Olney of Northampton, and is hon. sec. of the Ladies' Committee

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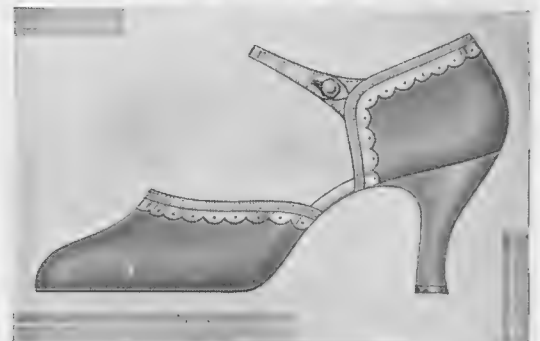
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**Petrol Vapour--continued**

the rare event of a gear change. But really the hydraulic business works so perfectly that you practically never have to get out of top; indeed if you can find a sufficiently steep hill, you can bring the car to a standstill with the motor pluckily thrusting round. I must say I was tremendously impressed with the behaviour of this mechanism. I submitted it to the most atrociously "third degree" tests, but it triumphantly answered them all. Here I must, I suppose, point out for the benefit of those who in mechanical matters will persist in getting hold of the wrong end of the stick, that this hydraulic scheme is neither a free-wheel nor an infinitely variable gear. It is simply the most perfect connection between an explosive engine and the work it has to do that has ever been devised, reproducing all the virtues of the magnetic-electric transmission with none of its weight and complication. By the way, I had forgotten to mention its beauty in traffic conditions. It gives you a one-pedal control of the car, whereby you can, at choice, crawl along or do a spurt of acceleration. The Daimler Company is certainly to be congratulated upon having brought forward a device, which in my humble judgment is even more revolutionary than the sleeve-valve engine. But don't just blindly take my word for it. You cannot consider yourself up to date in automobilism until you have tried the thing for yourself.

**Another Proposition.**

The argumentative Johnny to whom I have above alluded is, I must confess, a man whom I never seek to dodge, for he has a stimulating stock of new ideas, or at least unusual points of view, even though, as I suspect, he invariably adopts that which is most likely to be opposed to my own. But the other day I had him in his own trap. This was when he asked me who I reckoned to be the worst class of drivers on the road, whereupon I promptly answered, "The old school of

motorists"—to which we both happen to belong. He was so taken aback that he had not time to think out a case against the novices.

Now, in point of simple fact, my reply was a quite sincere statement of opinion. I believe it to be largely true. At all events when I recall the numerous occasions upon which, of recent years, I have sat beside "Old drivers," I can hardly think of one upon which I have not been appalled by their atrocious lack of road-manners, and even of the instinct of self-preservation. And the more years of experience to which they can lay claim the worse they are for the most part. I am frightfully sorry, but it is so. Oh, pioneers, look, I beg you, to your reputations! The plain truth is that you acquire your impressions and your habits when roads were empty except for a few cyclists and horse-drawn vehicles. There was rarely anything round the other side of the blind corner, and so you accustomed yourselves to thinking there never would be. You have not yet realized what an enormous number of cars there are on the highway to-day. If you had you would not be so horribly ill-tempered when you find other motorists asserting what is no more than their right. You would not so shockingly vilify those who are behaving quite normally. Often enough I have had to squirm and to blush when I have been motoring with one who would swear at a yokel because he could not instantly answer a difficult question as to route, who would smother an A.A. scout with scorn, and ask for trouble with a perfectly good-tempered policeman. I have compared notes with Mrs. P. V. and we find that it is invariably the Old Motorist who has unpleasantly harrowed our feelings. Is he annoyed that there are so many people and so many cars on the road? If so, he should recollect the part he played in the movement, and philosophically conclude that it is all pretty much his own fault. If he did I feel sure it would make for a happier state of affairs for himself and for all with whom he may come in contact.



SIR CLEMENT HINDLEY

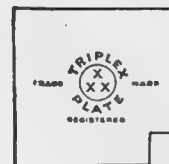
The famous chairman of the Race-course Betting Control Board, and the man who has been really responsible for the fine Totalisator at Newmarket. His Majesty the King personally congratulated Sir Clement Hindley on the working of the new Tote at Newmarket

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## CAR CAMEOS

## The Straight-Eight Hudson

I quite well know that upon the other side of the Atlantic steel is better and cheaper than it is here, that big productions make for big economies, and that all sorts of advantages, natural and unnatural, are enjoyed and made the most of—but even then I don't understand how this Hudson can be done at the price.

Owing to circumstances I was not able to spend anything like the time in this agreeable saloon that I would have liked—and I should put the period in question as "indefinite," so much did the whole car appeal to me—but an old hand like myself ought to be ashamed of himself if he can't find out the faults of a motor-car in an hour or two.

That was easy enough. A slight tendency to bounce over pot-holes, which could probably be quickly cured by an adjustment of the hydraulic shock-absorbers, and just the wee-est shiver when picking-up on top-gear at about 25 m.p.h.

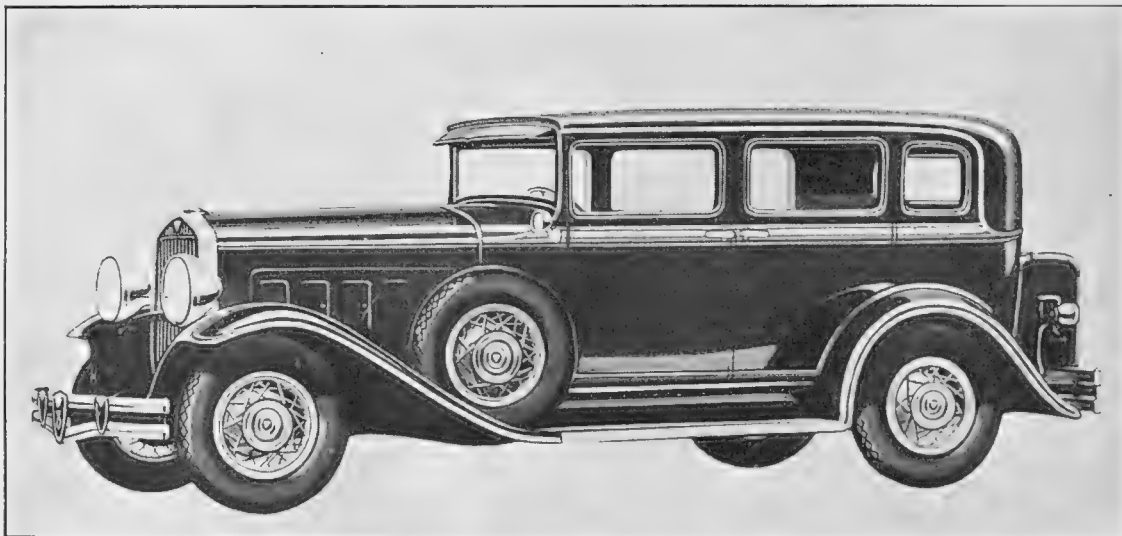
That is the full tale of the Hudson's demerits; and because it seemed all so impossible at the price I made a point of hunting for them. They are about as important as the rose-leaf under the princess' fifth mattress, and, to be truthful, they do not in the least qualify the praise that I can sincerely bestow upon this remarkable car.

Three - and - a - half litres, beautifully balanced Straight - Eight engine, unexceptionable finish within

and without, a fine appearance, an equipment that could hardly be legitimately added to, and a gee-whizz performance, and a pretty low tax—£25 to be exact—these are some of the Hudson features. And the standard Sedan costs £390! That is a figure that I found it impossible to get out of my head when I had the car on the road, for the simple reason that it was so difficult to reconcile the performance with the price. Top-gear for everything, of course, beyond a walking pace—but a very cheerful seventy-five against the stop-watch.

There are many cars which will do that sort of thing, and some of them are distinctly uninteresting. But the Hudson is otherwise; it is quick, bright, and excellently light to the touch. I would prefer a brake pedal that was not quite so high above the floor-board, and a shade less fuss when absolutely full out, but I cannot fairly quote these as faults. They do not interfere with my opinion that this is a joyous thing to drive. Naturally the key to the riddle is a well-chosen ratio of power to weight. The engine gives eighty horses, the weight of the car complete is under a ton-and-a-half. The combination should do something, and it does. Having regard to this striking performance, the petrol consumption struck me as being unusually light, for on a perfectly illegal average speed it worked out at over twenty to the gallon—call it thirty ton-miles. Few cars do better than that on a run that involves a good deal of traffic.

How I do wish the Hudson were an all-British product. It is so very very good that I am very hard put to it to suggest how it could be better. W. G. A.

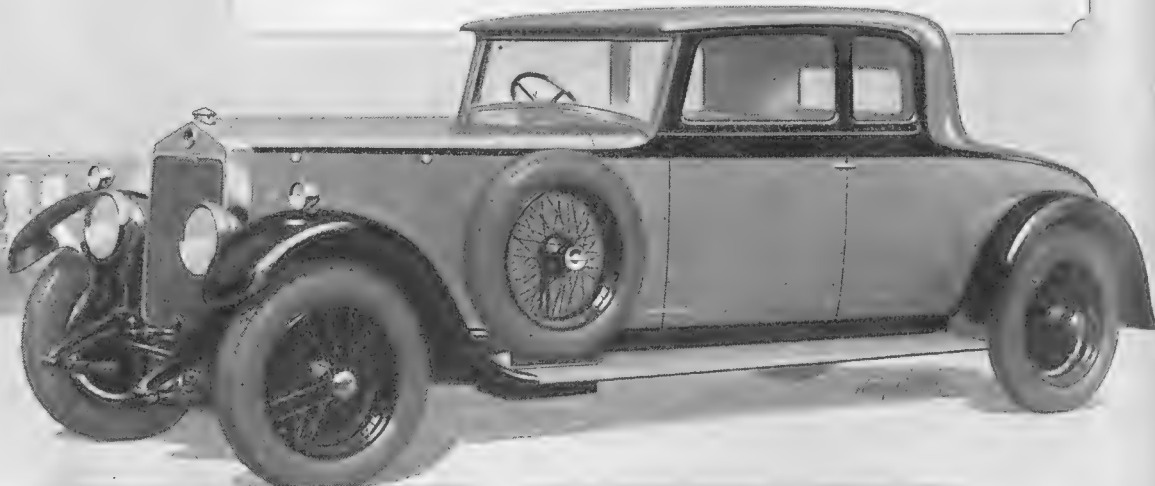


THE HUDSON STRAIGHT-EIGHT STANDARD SEDAN

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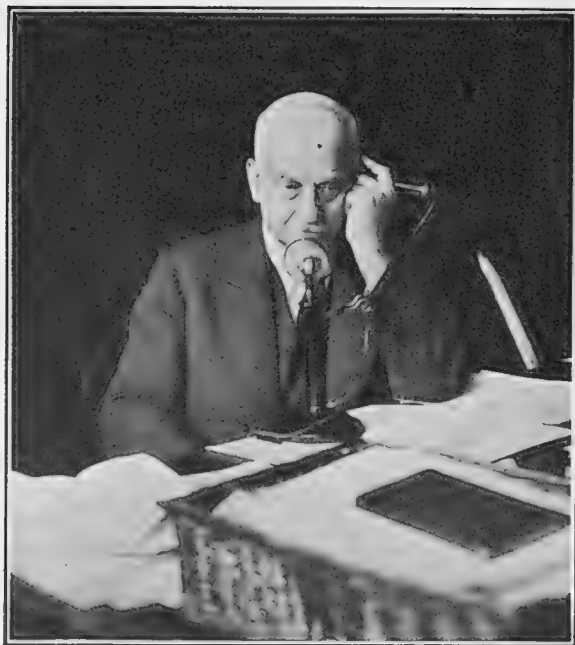
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A HOOPER ROLLS-ROYCE

## Motor Notes and News

Owners of Standard cars will be interested to learn that on Monday, May 12, the Standard Motor Co., Ltd., opened a palatial new Service and Motor Dépôt at Standard Road, Chase Estate, Park Royal

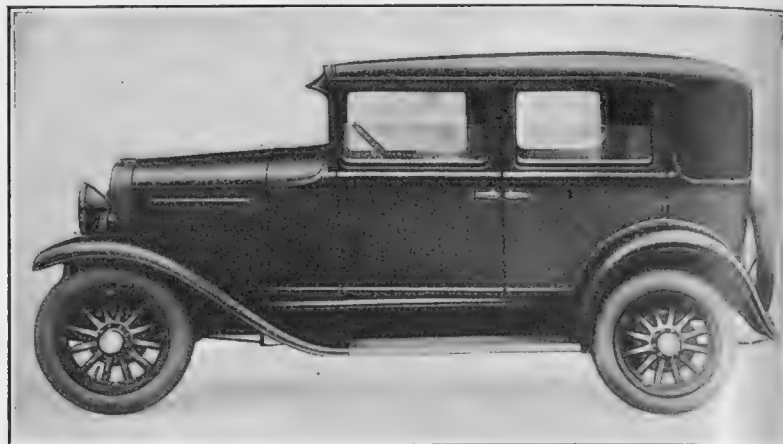


SIR HERBERT AUSTIN

Who was the first person in the Midlands to actually converse with anybody in Australia. Sir Herbert was connected to Mr. L. H. Caldwell, Director of Austin Distributors, Ltd., of Melbourne, and talked to him for ten minutes. Mr. Caldwell said that Australians are vastly tickled by the fact that Austin Sevens are being built in America for the American public. They seem to think there is a dash of humour in the British "Baby" invading a hot-bed of automotive activity

Road, London, N.W.10. These premises have been specially built for the purpose, and Standard owners will find that every facility is available both for quickly and efficiently dealing with repairs and adjustments to their cars and for the owners' personal comfort and convenience. The old dépôt at 149, Lupus Street, Pimlico, London, S.W.1, where all service and repair work has been carried out in the past will be closed. Standard owners should make a note of the new address, which is the Standard Motor Co., Ltd., Standard Road, Chase Estate, Park Royal Road, London, N.W.10.

Mr. J. H. Thomas, Minister of Employment, recently formally opened the new offices and factory of India Tyres, Ltd., at Inchinnan, near Glasgow, when a golden key was presented to Mr. J. H. Thomas, Lord Privy Seal, by Mr. Naismith, the chairman of the company. Mr. Thomas was later present at the banquet given to over 400 people at the Great Central Station Hotel in Glasgow, where among other distinguished guests were present Mr. James Brown, High Commissioner for Scotland, Sir George May, Sir Horace Wilson, Sir Harry Hope, Sir William Sleight, and many of the leading motoring correspondents and motor agents. The opening ceremony, which was followed by a tour of the works, was attended by over 5,000 people who came from all parts of the country. The function marked the successful conclusion of the first stage in the rapid development of this new and flourishing British enterprise. Originally an American concern, India Tyres, Ltd., began manufacture in Scotland when the McKenna duties were imposed in 1927. So successful was the first year of trading that the present company, floated last year with a capital of £750,000, has now bought out all American interests.



THE WILLYS WHIPPET FOUR

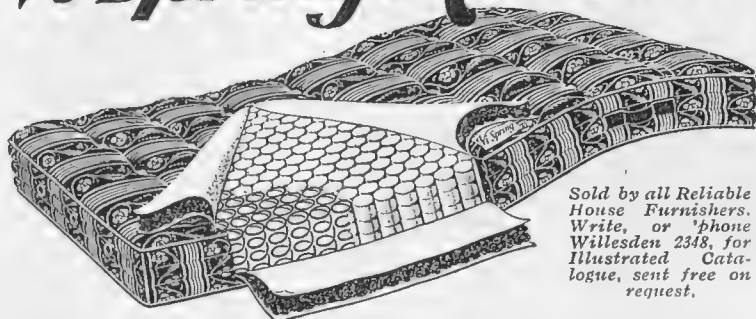
From May 1, the price of the Willys Whippet Four has been reduced from £210 to £198, in connection with which a novel competition has been arranged, the prize being a Whippet Four. Full particulars are obtainable from Willys Overland Crossley, Ltd., Heaton Chapel, Stockport



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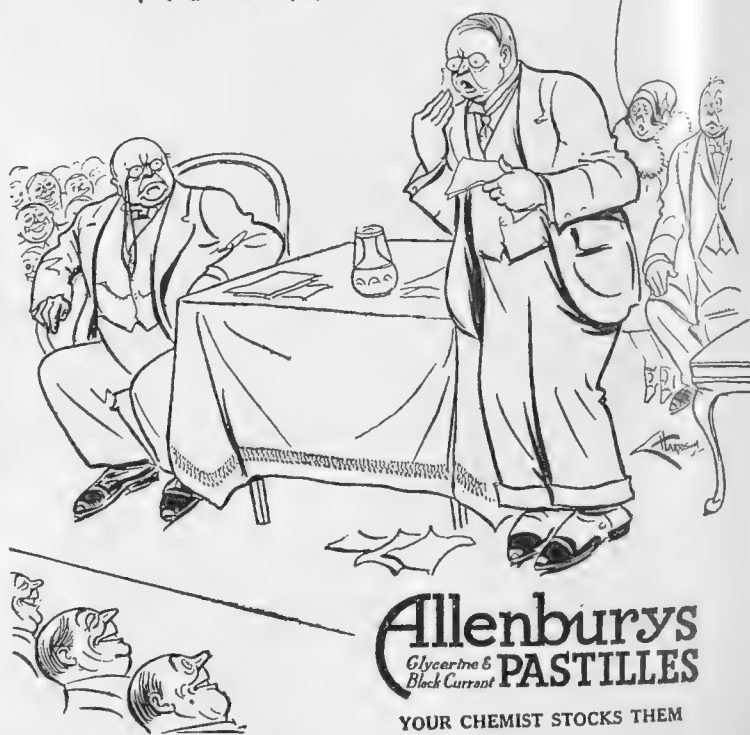


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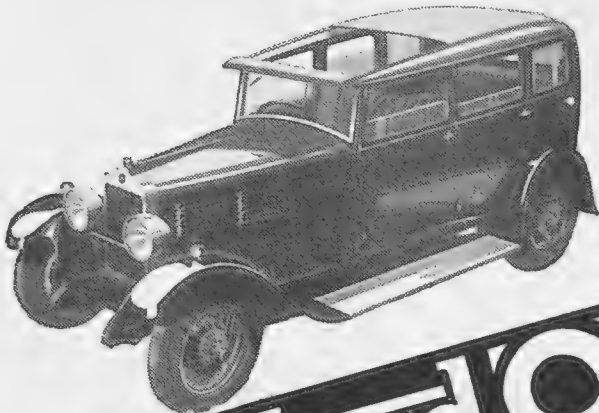
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## Skin Saving—continued

than the streets themselves—with, as is generally the case, crowds of excited youths, mostly students, who poured a regular fusillade of pots and pans and stones and vilification on to our heads. And beyond our immediate vicinity the minor business of pillaging and *bannia*-killing was proceeding briskly.

"Now what?" raged Dickie, rubbing a smitten funny-bone. Being young, he very much disliked being made a fool of. "Shall we charge with the butt?"

Sternly I discountenanced the brutal suggestion.

"God forbid, Richard—we might hurt one of the pets."

"Then what the devil *can* we do?" he asked, with a lamentable lack of patience. Funny-bones are sensitive things.

"Make faces at them," I suggested; "or still more frightful, Dick, look natural."

The men, I regret to say, were rather of Dickie's sentiments. Many of them had likewise just discovered how sensitive funny-bones and other parts of the anatomy can be. They were saying aloud rude things which shocked my pre-war notions. Also the mob understood exactly how things were.

Their leader, a large, fat, smooth-faced Hindu in a greasy little skull cap, strutted and bombasted about in front of the guns, daring us to shoot, shouting and laughing that we were afraid to, and derisively making a public mock of us. Unhappily for him and a lot of his friends, there were in the nearest gun team a couple of West Country Territorials; friends they were, or perhaps brothers—I do not know, for this was a transient episode, just a brief hour in one's lifetime. The No. 1, whose duty it was to fire the weapon, had warmed into a slow, bucolic resentment over the irk of a thumbnail crushed by some missile. He was wanting to know "for why doesn't us set about 'un pr'aper," when a sudden shout from Dickie caused his friend, the No. 2, lying along the gun beside him, to turn on an elbow and look up. Some enterprising young men on the roof above had slung out a sack containing about a hundredweight of *channa*. It described a parabola, and landed on the face of No. 2, whose neck cracked under it like a clay-pipe stem. The No. 1 made sure that his mate was dead, exclaimed a broad Somerset oath, and pressed the trigger. There followed one short, sharp, stuttering snarl from the machine-gun.

The Muharram festivities for that year were over. In an instant, magically, almost uncannily, the roof-tops were as bare as winter elms. The streets were deserted—except for a dozen or so small crumpled heaps of soiled rags, some jerking and drumming. The fat Hindu lay quite still, a kind of pained surprise in his open eyes. There was awe in Dickie's voice.

"Now we *have* done it! Who's going to carry the chee-ild?" No doubt we were both thinking of certain gentlemen yet abed in Westminster who would wax eloquent over this. Dickie added:

"I say, you were an ass to get those orders in writing, Ken. The General's saved *his* skin all right. You'll be for the high jump!"

"I always was a fool," I admitted sadly.

On the way back the Brigade Major raced up in a car. He had heard rumours of the shooting. He was desperately agitated.

"I say, you are — fools!"

"Thank you," I said.

"Thank you," said Dickie.

"There'll be hell's delight over this," he proceeded.

"Perhaps," I said hopefully, "a grateful public will subscribe twenty thousand pounds for me."

The Brigade Major was determined to be helpful. He was an old friend, being in saner times an auctioneer and valuer in the market town near my home. I gave him the details.

But, curiously, I was not in the least interested in what I had to tell him. My thoughts were seven thousand miles away, and on the ship which now might or might not materialize.

I suppose my sensibilities were olunted. I cared nothing for those corpses in the street, or the dead No. 2 gunner. After having seen one's kind mown down in swathes for the best part of five years, it was very clear to me that all mankind is hopelessly mad. This additional little insanity was quite negligible. I didn't really mind what happened about it. Only the screaming comedy of life was real. I heard the Brigade Major saying that I was to leave it all to him. When I laughed he was rather shocked. He thought, good fellow, that I was shaken, numbed, by what had happened. He spoke soothingly, as one does to a concussion patient. The murdered No. 2 was a most providential scapegoat.

"Dead men tell no tales," said the Brigade Major.

Next I found myself in the H.Q. office, standing to attention before the General's table. I heard the Brigade Major giving a brief, realistic account of what had occurred. I learned that Private Daniel Clutterbuck had been crouching to his gun, finger on trigger according to the book, when a sack of grain had fallen on his head—causing him to release the trigger in his death throes. Before the automatic mechanism could be stopped, the damage had been done.

The General looked at me, and I looked at the General. I thought I heard a little sigh of relief escaping. He asked no questions.

The written orders which I had demanded had made his own skin secure. And now, generous soul, he took up a strong pen and saved mine.

By permission of "The Cavalry Journal."

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Miss Diana Fishwick with Miss Peggy Wattles of U.S.A., whom she defeated in the 2nd round of the Open Championship. Miss Fishwick reached the last eight at the expense of Miss Elsie Corlett

## Eve at Golf

(continued from p. 378)

lead of three wilted under a great and brilliant attack from Miss Hicks, who won a mighty match 3 and 1. Or there was Miss Enid Wilson's twelve

best matches of the day was Miss Elsie Corlett's last-hole victory from Miss McCulloch, not only because the golf was first-class but because it was played, as all matches should be played, as a game and not as a business.

So was Dr. Alexander's win at the 18th from Miss Mabel Wragg, and there could not be anything grim about Mrs. Dobell's loss one down to Miss Beryl Brown. Miss Orcutt showed herself one of the best of the Americans all day; Miss Collett was bravely chased by Miss Mary Beard, who was square at the 8th and refused to be beaten by more than

and 2. And talk of the younger golfers reminds one that the girl champion, Miss Nan Baird, had a win from Miss Hartill to her credit, that Miss Diana Plumpton did not allow her county leader, Mrs. Garon, to beat her by more than 4 and 3, and that

All "Eve's" golfing activities, are being continued by "Britannia and Eve," in which a special golfing supplement is conducted by Miss Eleanor Helme

holes (all she needed to win from Miss Dix Perkin) taken in level fours; or Miss Gourlay's amazingly stout-hearted, hard-hitting, fine-putting opponent Miss Mellor, who was only two down at the turn to Miss Gourlay, although the latter was out in 37; or Dr. Marion Alexander's pull out of the fire from Miss Pyman; or many another great and gallant deed.

The second day started in a depressing drizzle of rain, but the weather cheered up by lunch time and conditions were really excellent. So was much of the golf. Perhaps there were no great discoveries or disclosures. We all knew that Miss Wilson was a fine golfer, though perhaps she has never done anything much finer than her afternoon 34 out against Miss Dampney, nor Miss Dampney, by the way, anything much better than the way she stuck to such fireworks so that she turned no more than five down. That was the outstanding performance for quality of golf. For fighting spirit you might pick out Miss Garnham's win of seven holes in quick succession from one of the American contingent, Mrs. Lenihan, which converted five down into a 2 and 1 win, or her holed chip for a three to win the 19th from Miss Lobbett, or Miss Fishwick's four-yard putt holed at the 19th for a four to beat Mrs. Walter

Miss Sylvia Bailey was still alive.

There, in the last thirty-two, we have to leave everybody, including seven Americans, only promising to tell the faithful story of the last three days and all their thrilling moments next week.



Mrs. Herbert Guedalla with Mrs. G. Brown, her vanquished opponent in the 2nd round at Formby. Mrs. Guedalla, a former English champion, went out in the 4th round, 2 and 1, to Miss Fishwick

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## Notes from Here and There

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, appeal for £16 to help a widow and invalid daughter who have only £42 a year. Up to the present their life has not been too difficult, for they were greatly helped by the eldest child; she, alas, has just died, so now they are dependent on the two daughters. One is married and can spare only £12 to her mother and sister, while the other is a children's nurse and gives £30 from a salary of £39; in this way their income is made up. The old mother lives with her youngest girl (who has chronic nerve trouble) in a little country village in Essex and hides her poverty as best she can from her neighbours, but although they half-starve themselves they cannot make both ends meet. If only we can assist for the next two years things will be easier, as then the old lady will get her Old Age Pension, but at present they are desperately poor. Friends who know their pitiful struggle have collected some help which we want to augment by £15, for then we would have enough to give a weekly allowance for two years, so helping to bridge this disastrous gap.

In addition to a wonderful range of grand opera records by artists now appearing at Covent Garden, the early May release by "His Master's Voice" contains a most attractive range of music for the home. Every earnest collector of discs should assuredly obtain the last of the late Enrico Caruso recordings, on one side a charming love song in French, "The First Caress," and on the other a classical aria, "The Sombre Forest." In all, the Gramophone Company have preserved forever some two hundred examples of this glorious tenor voice. An enchanting melody is contributed by Elisabeth Schumann in Zeller's "Nightingale Song," a gay number in English with delightful string effects, and the singer gives a perfect imitation of the nightingale. Another outstanding effort is the vocal gems from Sullivan's *The Sorcerer*, sung by the Light Opera Company, while on the other side of this record are the vocal gems from *Darling, I love you*, and *Here comes the Bride*. In view of the recent



MRS. JOHN SLESSOR, LADY CYNTHIA SLESSOR, AND LADY JOAN CHILD-VILLIERS

At the first of last week's Courts. Lady Cynthia Slessor was formerly Lady Jersey, the wife of the late Lord Jersey, who died in 1923. Lady Joan Villiers is her elder daughter

enormous London success of the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra there is sure to be a large demand for their performance of the jolly scherzo from Brückner's "Romantic" Symphony. A further favourite will be the New Symphony Orchestra's recording of Elgar's ever popular "Salut d'Amour" conducted by the composer. Jack Hylton and his Orchestra, now on a triumphant tour of Europe, reveal their versatility by playing superbly Rachmaninoff's Prelude in G Minor and Prelude in C Sharp Minor. De Groot, the sparkling violinist who has been honoured by a command performance before the Prince of Wales, contributes with his Orchestra "Dream Lover" from the film, *The Love Parade*, and "We'll Build a World of our Own," from the film *Happy Days*.

The Children's Country Holidays Fund was founded in 1884 by the late Canon and Mrs. Barnett, for the purpose of sending away poor children who would have no other means of getting a holiday. There are over 700,000 children on the roll of the elementary schools of London, and from among these, voluntary workers for the fund from sixty-three different committees send those most needing a change to the country for a fortnight. The society is dependent upon subscriptions and donations, which may be sent to the Hon. Treasurer or to the Secretary, C.C.H.F., 18, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.2.

Arrangements have been made for a specially conducted visit to the new dock at Tilbury and the Orient liner S.S. *Orontes* on Friday, June 20, in aid of King Edward's Hospital Fund for London. A steam launch has been chartered to take the party by river, leaving Westminster Pier at 9.30 a.m., and reaching Tilbury about 11.45. On arrival the visitors will be given an opportunity of inspecting the *Orontes*, and a buffet lunch will be served on board at one o'clock by kind invitation of the Orient Company. After lunch the authorities of the Port of London Authority will conduct the party over the new dock. The steamer will leave Tilbury on the return journey at 2.30, arriving at Westminster Pier about five. Tickets (price £1 1s.) can be obtained from the Secretary, King Edward's Hospital Fund for London, 7, Walbrook, E.C.4.

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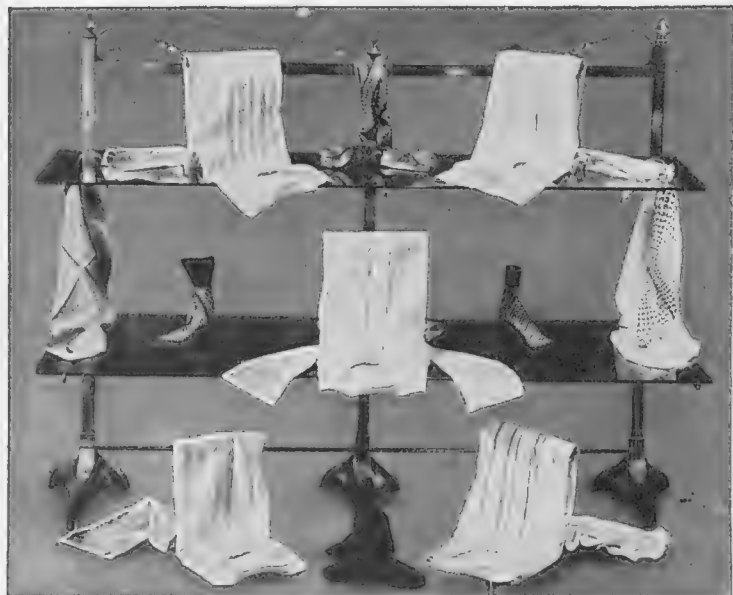


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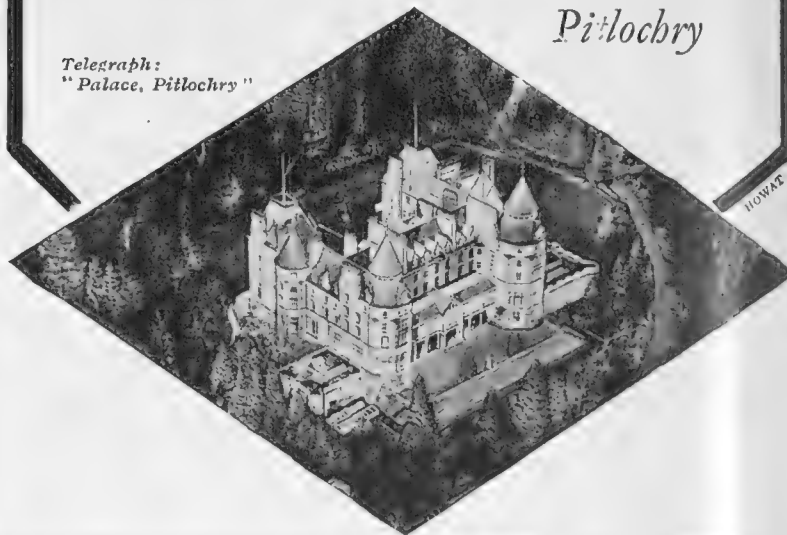
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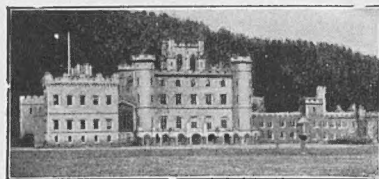
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